

HUSTLER

FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

JULY 1982 \$3.95

**SURPRISE
NUDE
CELEBRITY**

**SCRATCH
'N' SNIFF
CENTER-
FOLD!**

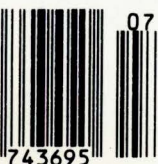
WARNING: To be smelled in
the privacy of your home.
Not to be sniffed by minors.

**MERLE
HAGGARD:
THE EX-CON
AND KING
OF COUNTRY**

**AMERICAN
GIGOLOS:
YOUNG STUDS
FOR RICH
WOMEN**



8TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



EVERYBODY WONDERES WHY WE DIDN'T SHOW THESE PHOTOS IN HUSTLER.

YOU'LL SEE.



Less than perfect? Then it's simply not good enough for our readers. After all, we didn't get where we are by being easy to please. Still, there's a lot of pleasure to be had with less-than-perfect models and photos. That's why HUSTLER REJECTS is filled with page after page of erotically posed, beautifully photographed women who didn't meet our high standards. Yes, even our master photographers can goof up. Sometimes a model isn't as photogenic as she is attractive, or the pictures were just **too hot for HUSTLER!** But we'll let you be the judge of that. Hustle on down to your nearest newsstand, or fill out the coupon below. See for yourself why HUSTLER didn't have the balls to publish these photos.

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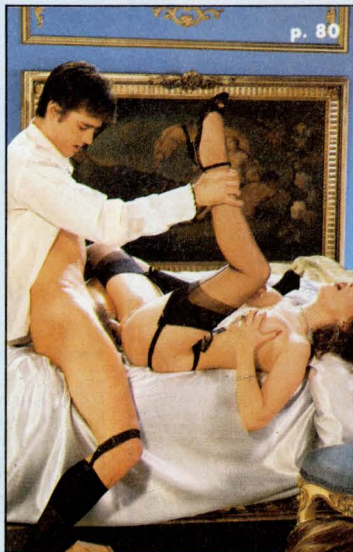
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JULY 1982 VOLUME 9 NUMBER 1

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Signature, Date _____

CCGH

All orders are discreetly packaged and promptly delivered. (Foreign orders use International Money Order or Certified Check in U.S. dollars; add \$5.00) Prices guaranteed for 60 days only. Quantity orders invited.

HUSTLER®

FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



I Hate Hypocrites!

The leadership of the Moral Majority and I both say we oppose censorship. But I mean it. It's one thing to say you believe in freedom of speech, but another to practice what you preach. Unfortunately, some fat cats in the magazine business pay lip service to the idea of free speech, but they don't have the balls to back it up in print. There's no doubt in my mind that if the Moral Majority ever takes over this country, the *National Lampoon* and *Rolling Stone* will burn in the same fire as HUSTLER. That's why I find it beyond belief these magazines would censor ads for the anniversary issue of HUSTLER.

As far as I'm concerned, there's no difference between the actions of those two magazines and the spineless, repressive ideas of the Moral Majority. The *Rolling Stone* editor and *National Lampoon* chairman might as well be put in the same snake pit as Falwell. But I'm not going to take up space with this, when you can get more details on page 17 of this issue. Besides, we only wanted to place the Scratch 'n' Sniff ads (see bottom left) in *Rolling Stone* and *National Lampoon* because the same people who read HUSTLER will sometimes buy one of those rags. It was just an attempt to alert our readers in as many ways as possible that we had something extra for them.

HUSTLER runs some product ads I don't like, nor would I consider using some of the products themselves. Some I even find visually offensive. But who am I to impose my taste or my

ideals on anyone? And that's what censorship is—trying to kill off and be done with those things that don't meet with a particular taste, opinion or ideal. Believe me, we've been under pressure to do it, but it's my firm belief that censoring advertising is the first step toward giving up our entire right to print whatever we want. Therefore, the only ads I've ever refused to run have involved pedophilia (sex with children) and bestiality.

I also know that if we banned the explicit sex ads that we run, we

could bring in more revenue from so-called "respectable" advertisers. But there's no way I'd ever let that happen. HUSTLER is a sex magazine and my job as publisher is to give the readers what they want. No big-shot advertiser can ever offer me enough to ban even the smallest sex ad.

A few years ago I was on a dais with *Lampoon* chairman Matty Simmons. As guest speaker he talked about the early days of *National Lampoon* and its censorship problems. The audience applauded his perseverance to stand up under the pressure and continue to fight and defend what was then called his tasteless, dirty magazine. Who would think that years later he would be just as guilty of trying to restrict freedom of the press as his accusers once were? If I'm ever asked to break bread with Matty Simmons again, I'll tell that hypocrite I'd rather eat in the kitchen with the illegal aliens.

At HUSTLER, we're not hypocrites. When *Club* magazine and *Screw* magazine wanted to run ads in HUSTLER, we accepted them even though they're competitors. And we'd do it again without hesitation.

I only wish *Rolling Stone* and *National Lampoon* had the same attitude about freedom of the press. Who could imagine that Jann Wenner, editor of *Rolling Stone*, would accept ads from the raunchiest, most outrageous rock groups whose songs are full of explicit sex references and "dirty" words; yet turn down a perfectly tasteful ad from HUSTLER? Simmons and Wenner are too weak-kneed to stand up for free speech when it really counts. They're just journalistic whores, going along with whatever they think is politically popular.

The First Amendment is being treated like yesterday's garbage by too many people in this country. The last thing we need is for the press itself to start playing into the hands of the enemy, like Wenner and Simmons have done. My promise to you is that as long as HUSTLER is around, the forces of repression are going to have one hell of a fight on their hands.

—ALTHEA FLYNT
Publisher & Chairman of the Board

MEMORY JOGGER: TEAR OUT THIS PAGE AND POST

★PUBLIC NOTICE★
HUSTLER
MAGAZINE
IS PROUD TO ANNOUNCE THAT
FOR OUR 8TH ANNIVERSARY,
THE JULY ISSUE (COMING OUT
MAY 25TH) WILL HAVE A
SCRATCH
'N' SNIFF
CENTERFOLD

On Sale May 25th
BONUS: NUDE CELEBRITY!



No one wakes up thinking, "Today I'm going to abuse my child."

Abuse is not something we think about, it's something we do. It runs against our nature, yet it comes naturally. It's a major epidemic and a contagious one. Abused children often become abusive parents. Abuse perpetuates abuse.

Child abuse is a major cause of death for children under two. Last year in America, an estimated one million children suffered physical, sexual or emotional abuse and neglect (many cases go unreported). At least 2,000 died needless, painful deaths. And if you think child abuse is confined to any particular race, religion, income group or social stratum, you're wrong. It's

everybody's problem.

What's being done about prevention? Not enough. Preventive facilities are simply inadequate. Most social agencies deal with abusers and their victims after the damage has been done.

Child abuse doesn't have to happen. Eighty percent of all abusers could be helped, with your help. Your community needs your aid in forming crisis centers, self-help programs for abusers, and other grass roots organizations. Please. Please write for more information on child abuse and how you can help.

What will you do today that's more important?

A Public Service of This Magazine
& The Advertising Council



We need your help. Write:

National Committee for Prevention of Child Abuse, Box 2866, Chicago, Illinois 60690

Eat, sniff and be merry, because it's time to celebrate HUSTLER's Eighth Anniversary. We've got a gala issue packed with fabulous gifts, including our famous Scratch 'n' Sniff Centerfold and sensuous poses of one of the world's greatest sex symbols. And those are just two examples of the energy and effort our staff has put into this very special edition.

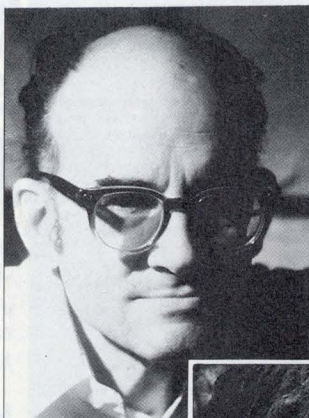
Nobody understands the bittersweet taste of success better than country singer Merle Haggard. Even though President Ronald Reagan says this ex-convict "reaches the heart of America," Haggard can't totally free himself from the nightmare of being a prisoner. HUSTLER veteran **BOB ALLEN** toured Texas to write **MERLE HAGGARD: FROM CONVICT TO COUNTRY KING**.

Our Nashville correspondent experienced firsthand the difficulties of being on the road and tells of the toll that life has taken on one of country music's brightest stars. Allen is a contributing editor to *Country Music* magazine and senior editor with *Nashville!* magazine. He last lent his talents to our pages with the fast-paced March profile *Darrell Waltrip: The Hard-Driving Champion of Racing*. The award-winning

British-born illustrator, **ALAN DANIELS**, provides the accompanying art. Daniels, whose work highlighted last month's *Sex Play*, has made a name for himself with *Penthouse*, *Playboy* and *Omni*.

Another artist who's one of a kind is the world-renowned sex goddess Brigitte Bardot. This French screen dream has been turning on men for more than two decades, and we can't wait to share her ageless body with you in this special anniversary **CELEBRITY NUDE**. So get ready! Bardot's form is reserved for those of superior taste—HUSTLER readers.

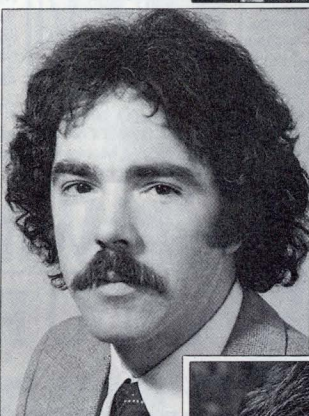
Many of you who want the best in life recoil at the staggering cost of steak these days. And that's because organized crime controls much of the beef



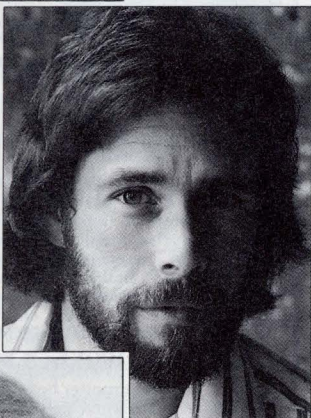
Alex Ebel



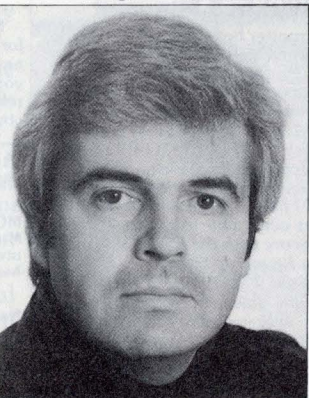
Jim Henry



Steve Govoni



Bob Allen



J. R. Regis


industry, literally taking the fillet out of your mouth. You'll learn why the government has been unable to cope with this racket in **STEVE GOVONI's** report on **ORGANIZED CRIME: CONSPIRACY AT THE MEAT MARKET**. This native New Yorker is a business reporter for New Jersey's largest evening newspaper, *The [Bergen County] Record*. His investigative reporting has appeared in the *Washington Post* and the *National Law Review* as well as our sister publication CHIC. The companion art is

the inspiration of **JAMES KONRAD**, an award-winning illustrator whose exotic touch can be attributed to his study of art in the Far East. Konrad now lives in Glendale, California, where he specializes in an unusual fine-arts technique called "airbrush egg tempera."

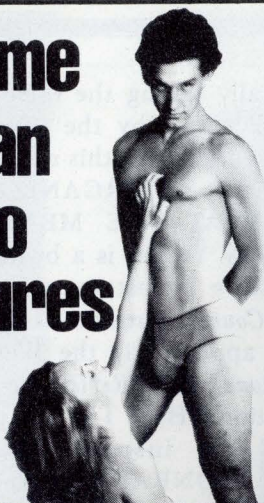
Sexy young studs are perfecting an art of their own—pleasing the lustful desires of wealthy elderly women. In this month's *Sex Play*, **GIGOLOS:**

MALES FOR SALE, you'll learn intimate techniques from "pros" who really know how to keep their rich female customers satisfied. Author **RITA GREENE** has reported for publications here and abroad, including the major city magazines of London and Athens. California-born-and-bred **JIM HENRY**, whose illustration enhances our *Sex Play*, is a graduate of the prestigious Pasadena Art Center College of Design. He has created posters used to advertise a number of network television movies.

A single piece of film could alter history in **THE KENNEDY AFFAIR**, July's suspense-filled fiction dealing with the mystery that has long surrounded the assassination of John F. Kennedy. The mind behind this passionate intrigue belongs to HUSTLER regular **J. R. REGIS**, who kept you on the edge of your seat with May's fiction, *Mayday on Flight 101*. Nationally acclaimed illustrator **ALEX EBEL** provides a fascinating artistic interpretation sure to leave a lasting imprint on the mind.

HUSTLER women are always unforgettable—especially in this festive issue. So don your party hat, sip some champagne and help us mark eight years of excellence. As always, you—the reader—are our honored guest. 

Become a Man who measures Up!



by Brian A. Richards, M.D.

"I am a physician. And I say to you, sight unseen, that you can appear more impressive, be better in bed, and feel confident that you measure up to any man."

Penis Size

"Let me begin by puncturing a pervasive myth. The size of your penis does make a difference in sex."

"30 years of sex therapy have taught me that women really want a man with *both* good sexual techniques and as large as possible a piece of raw material to begin with."

You can develop a high performance penis and sexual technique

"I say you can dramatically improve on what nature gave you. In a supervised test, 87.5% of all the men who used the procedures I will describe to you, increased penis length by an average of 17%, with one man actually increasing his length by 3.6 cms! The average client increased his erect circumference by 2.8 cms—or 16%."

"Even more important is my *complete* development method for men that reveals time-tested secrets of performance, pleasure, and potency from the files of my private clinic in England."

"Take 30 days to judge my method. If you're not convinced that my method will make you into a sexually superior individual; confident in his size, performance, and potency—in fact, if you're not 100% satisfied, for any reason, simply return it for a prompt refund, no questions asked."

******* FREE \$50 Value! *******

"If you are overweight or losing hair, have a skin problem or are showing signs of age, my *complete Body Perfect Program* will help you improve any of those problems."

"If your lover has small breasts or a weak 'love grip' (undeveloped vaginal muscles), my *Body Perfect Program* will show her how to develop her body and become a complete woman."

"Yes, this \$50 value, the product of 30 years work with thousands of patients and with specialists in every area of body care is yours *FREE* with every order. So don't delay. You risk nothing. Order now!"

ABOUT THE DOCTOR

Dr. Brian Richards is one of Europe's best-known sex therapists. He heads the *Kent Private Clinic* in Sandwich, England, where he has helped thousands of men and women attain physical happiness and sexual success with one another. He is a fellow of the *Royal Academy and the New York Academy of Sciences*.



©1982 21st Century Products, Inc.

Mail No-Risk Coupon Today

21st Century Products, Inc., Dept. MMH221
2105 Lakeland Ave., Ronkonkoma, NY 11779

Dear Dr. Richards,
Please rush me your Development Method for Men in a plain wrapper. Enclosed is my check or money order for \$19.95 plus \$1.50 p&h (Total: \$21.45, NY & CT res. add sales tax). Please include the rest of your \$50 Body Perfect Program, FREE. If I'm not satisfied for any reason, I'll return the entire package within 30 days for a prompt refund, no questions asked.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

☐ M.C. ☐ Visa Acct. # _____

Exp. date _____ M.C. Intrbk # _____

(˾)

Lose 4-6 inches of bulging fat BEFORE we cash your check!

Let Us Take The Risk!

Use the Shrink Wrap System[™] to reduce a combination of your waist and hips, *FAST!* Just fill out the coupon below and postdate your check for 30 days from today! You'll pay nothing now (not for 30 days), but we will send your Shrink Wrap System[™] NOW! Try it. Use it. Watch inches disappear. If for any reason you are not delighted, send it back. We will return your check or money order, *UNCASHED!* Even if you send it back later, we'll still refund your purchase price. Over 186,000 satisfied customers make us bold enough to make this super guarantee!

That's right! 4-6 inches starting the very first day! Science has known about this principle for years. In fact, right now, professional and amateur athletes the world over are using it in their training programs. And many famous entertainers who have to trim down fast rely on this method. Now, you can melt away inches from your waist, your hips—anywhere!

Don't Hold Fat In... Lose It!

Plastics and elastics are merely flimsy imitations. Girdles just squeeze it in. But the Shrink Wrap System[™] takes it off... *fast!* The belt is adjustable, so you can put isometrics to work toning loose muscle tissue whenever you want. And, our easy exercise program helps you shed unsightly inches even more rapidly.

If you want to go even further, your waistline, hips, and other problem areas will continue to shrink when you use the Shrink Wrap System[™] lo-cal eating plans that won't leave you hungry. You can use it as often as you need it to keep those inches off. It's working right now for thousands of satisfied buyers and it can be working for you, if you order now!

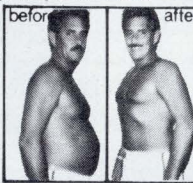
Here are the impressive stories (a few sworn and notarized) of a few outstanding users. Everyone may not do as well, but if they can do this well, just think how many pounds and inches you will lose quickly with the Shrink Wrap System[™]!

"I lost 6 inches in 16 days!"
Doug Fink of Asheville, North Carolina

"I've lost 5" from my waist and 6" from my hips over a 12 day period. My weight loss was 18 lbs."

Dr. J. Lee Briers of New Castle, Delaware

"I lost 5 inches off my waist & 5 inches off my hips! I am amazed at the way the Shrink Wrap System[™] works. I'll recommend it to everyone!" Helena Smith of Vandalia, Michigan



"I lost 9 pounds & 4 inches off my waist in 2 weeks! It's just unbelievable that it took so little time and effort to produce such amazing results!"

Robert N. Nilsen of Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania

**NOW ONLY
\$9.99**

©1982 The New Body Boutique, Inc.
Member: U.S. Chamber of Commerce



Shrink Wrap System[™], Dept. BMH221
20 Medford Ave., Patchogue, N.Y. 11772

Sirs: I have enclosed my check or m.o. Please rush me the Super Action Shrink Wrap System[™]. ☐ Check here if you want us to hold your check or m.o. uncashed for 30 days.

Waist size _____ (N.Y. & Ct. res. add sales tax.)

_____ Rush 1 belt at \$9.99 plus \$1.50 p&h

(Save \$3) _____ Rush 2 belts at \$17.99 plus \$2 p&h

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

(#107)

Get Any Girl Within 5 Minutes or YOU PAY NOTHING!



7 STEPS TO PSYCHIC MIND CONTROL

will have YOU scoring at work,
parties or on the streets.



It's incredible, but true! 7 STEPS TO PSYCHIC MIND CONTROL gives you 7 simple principles any man can learn in just ONE HOUR! And you can put 'psychic mind control' to work for you immediately! These 7 principles guide you step by step until YOU find yourself meeting loads of women... the ones you only dreamed of being with before. You will turn them on. And you will be confident you can do it EVERY TIME!

It Works Within 5 Minutes!

Really, it doesn't matter how well or how poorly you've done with women in the past. Once you have practiced the 7 STEPS (only one hour's work) you can look for the most outrageous dream girl possible—and she'll be yours WITHIN 5 MINUTES!

Sound impossible? Here is just one of the testimonials to the power of 7 STEPS TO PSYCHIC MIND CONTROL from J.M. in Madison, Conn:

"I'm not what you would call handsome, but I'm not ugly either. And I have a good sense of humor. But somehow, I was never able to get that date I really wanted or to score with the *REALLY* beautiful women. Finally, I gave up trying."

"Was I wrong! Your 7 STEPS TO PSYCHIC MIND CONTROL has given me powers I never knew I could have with women. I don't worry about dates anymore."

"What's even more amazing is I hardly ever worry about sex anymore."

© 1981 21st Century Products Inc.
2105 Lakeland Ave., Ronkonkoma, N.Y. 11779

Turn Women Into Putty

There is no reason why the results enjoyed by J.M. can't be YOURS! And it's so simple. Doctors know we use only 10% of our brainpower. 90% of our mental strength lies untapped. I can show you how to harness just that extra bit... to get that "edge" and use it to turn women into putty. You will be confident with ANY WOMAN YOU DESIRE!

GUARANTEE...PLUS!

Keep 7 STEPS TO PSYCHIC MIND CONTROL for a full two weeks and if it takes you more than one hour to master it or 5 MINUTES to get any girl you want, just return the entire method for a full refund PLUS an additional 20¢ to cover the cost of your stamp! So order now! Take the first step today!

21st Century Products Inc., Dept. PMH221
2105 Lakeland Ave., Ronkonkoma, N.Y. 11779

Sirs: It's hard to believe, but I have a FULL MONEYBACK GUARANTEE if your 7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control doesn't get me ANY girl within 5 minutes. So I have enclosed my \$10 plus \$1 postage and handling (N.Y. & Ct. residents add sales tax.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

_____ Zip _____

Canadian residents add 25% and send to

21st Century Products Inc.,
10 Alden Rd., Unit #6, Markham Ontario L3R 2S1

(Code #277)

Photo Art: HUSTLER is known for its hot photo-layouts, but I'll bet not many people realize the artistry of your photographers. I'm one myself, and from a professional standpoint I really enjoyed Clive McLean's shooting of *Alexandria: Aqua Angel* (top photo) in the May issue. The "hard against soft" approach made for great contrast. Seeing that soft femininity surrounded by slick, hard scuba gear was rousing. And, nonprofessionally speaking, it was a real turn-on. Bravo, Clive.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Sick Humor: I recently purchased HUSTLER's April issue and was truly appalled by your sick humor. As an employee of an animal-control-and-protection agency, I found "Shush! Puppies" (center) in your *Bits & Pieces* section, showing a man with spikes on his shoes standing above a dog, in very poor taste. I don't know how you can print something like this and expect to get a laugh out of it. You also have a cartoon in which a little boy tells a policeman that the dead dog in the road can't be his because "Barky doesn't have guts coming out of his mouth." I think you really must get off on printing stuff like this, but your "Shush! Puppies" only gives people who abuse animals another method of hurting them. You ought to be put behind bars. Evidently you don't care what kind of garbage you publish, but I'll bet your sales start dropping. All of us animal lovers will stop buying HUSTLER. I bet you don't have the guts to print this.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

How could HUSTLER print such a sick item in the April *Bits & Pieces* section as the "Natalie Wood Inflatable Nightgown and William Holden Drinking Helmet"? I find that sort of humor sick and degrading. The untimely deaths of these two stars are nothing to make fun of. I think HUSTLER owes an apology to their fans.

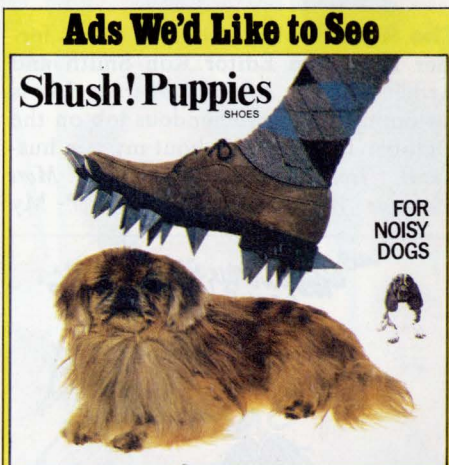
—W. Scott
Summit, New Jersey

I loved your cartoon on page 79 of the May issue showing Moses in a strait-jacket being led from a "chuckling" burning bush. On the surface, Tinsley's cartoon just looks like a silly joke, but actually it's quite revealing.

—M. K.
Atlanta, Georgia

Girl Talk: Please tell that beautiful blonde, *Tina: Lazy Lady*, in your April issue that if she's ever feeling lazy, I have something to wake her up with!

And also thank your photographer



James Baes for showing us this dream girl in so many different positions. I'm ready to try every one with her. I can't imagine a bigger turn-on than Tina.

—P. R. S.
Detroit, Michigan

Concerning your fine April pictorial *Tina: Lazy Lady*, I believe I detected a tattoo on Tina's lower abdomen. Why was the mark covered up? I think I speak for many men when I say that tattoos are a real turn-on, especially on a woman as fine as Tina! Hell, my wife has tattoos, and there's nothing sexier.

—Sergeant Larry Hulstein
Lake Mills, Wisconsin

When I opened your April issue and saw *Corky: Let Me Entertain You* (bottom photo), my pants grew a good seven inches. She's one of the most gorgeous creatures I've seen. Plus, Monica Davis of Miami, Florida, in April's *Beaver Hunt* ought to be a HUSTLER centerfold. All my friends are dying to see her in the pink.

—Larry Prehn
Staten Island, New York

I've enjoyed HUSTLER for the past six years, especially your humor and Dwaine Tinsley's cartoons. But lately I've been upset with your photo-layouts. They're so phony! In your April issue, *Corky: Let Me Entertain You* has a face so retouched it looks like a painting. And her pussy looks like a hand grenade went off inside it. It's all skin.

Cartoons alone aren't worth my \$3.50 a month, and my friends feel the same way. Please leave the paint brushes alone and stick to the magic of the camera.

—Wayne D. Silva
Bremerton, Washington

The only painting of our models is done by the makeup artist before the photos are taken.

I've been reading HUSTLER for quite some time now and have found it to be not only entertaining but cock-raising. Your voluptuous models spreading their womanhood across the pages makes me cream in my shorts. After all, pussy is an art all of us cunt-hungry men enjoy, and nobody knows pussy better than HUSTLER or myself. I'm sorry that Larry Flynt is stepping down as publisher, but I have confidence Althea will continue to uphold HUSTLER tradition and everything the magazine stands for.

I'd like to see porn star Seka spread her legs for HUSTLER. How about getting her to do a photo-spread and interview for a future issue? She's one hell of a woman and would make a great addi-

tion to the collection of beautiful models who've appeared in past issues. —J. B. Fairport, New York

Jackie O.: Your August 1975 issue showed nude photos of Jackie Onassis. I'd love to see her again. —M. Walsch St. Louis, Missouri

You're in luck! CHIC's June 1982 issue features nude shots of the lovely Jackie O. To get that back issue, just send a check or money order for \$4.50 (this includes postage) to: Flynt Subscription Co. Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944).

Editorially Speaking: I'm highly impressed by the educational editorials in HUSTLER. Your March *Publisher's Statement* "Nuclear Madness" quoted Albert Einstein, the brilliant scientist whose views I greatly admire. He said of nuclear war, "With this terrible, terrible weapon, the next war will be fought with sticks and clubs. For this will surely destroy mankind, and we'll have to start over again." I'm amazed that our government and the majority of Americans allow the existence of nuclear madness.

—Ruthlyn O. Edwards
Houston, Texas

I'm going to miss Larry Flynt's *Publisher's Statement*. However, those by

the new publisher may be even more provocative. Mr. Flynt's come a long way in eight years and endured some hardships no man should be forced to. I wish him and his 24-hour partner, Althea, the best of health, happiness and prosperity. —Victor H. Ottenstein Rancho Santa Fe, California

As an avid HUSTLER reader I was surprised to see that Larry Flynt has turned over the job of publisher to his wife, Althea. However, I'm glad that she seems to be capable of assuming such a lofty position. Besides, Althea's much more physically appealing to readers than Larry! —John Edgar Virginia Beach, Virginia

I'd like to congratulate Althea Flynt on her decision to "man" the helm of HUSTLER. Sad as it is to see Larry go, Mrs. Flynt's courage shows that HUSTLER can't possibly suffer from the change of power. —Clay Steiner Santa Barbara, California

The Real Facts: I want to thank former Executive Editor Ron Smith and Articles Editor Richard Warren Lewis for doing such a tremendous job on the October 1981 profile about my late husband, *Jim Hopkins: How Many More Veterans Will Agent Orange Kill?* My

grandmother even made the other residents of her "Little Ol' Ladies Home" buy their own issue instead of copying hers. But then, she's a Grey Panther, and the women in our family tend to be unusually independent.

Thanks to your accurate and well-researched presentation, the health and well-being of some vets may be saved. Too many of them gave so much in Vietnam only to be cheated out of their rights later on here in the U.S. When I decided HUSTLER was the only medium honest enough to find out the truth about Agent Orange and how it affected my husband, I was not let down. You're the only publication to report the actual facts and deliver a well-written, informative article on this critical subject.

The update appearing in your January issue regarding Los Angeles Coroner Thomas Noguchi's report on Jim's death pointed out how fishy Noguchi can be. He stated Jim showed "strong indications" of suicide by pills and alcohol. Yet the autopsy showed no evidence of pills or capsules in his body.

Ever since your *Publisher's Statement* "Agent Orange: VA Coverup" came out in May 1981, a great deal has been accomplished across the country. Hooray! Maybe if more of the "Moral Minority" get involved, we won't lose our country to the warmongers and thieves.

Good luck, Althea. Thank you, Larry. HUSTLER fills a void for many of us. You've always had the balls!

—Suzanne Hopkins
Malibu, California

It's thumbs up (and cocks up, too) to a superb magazine. I thoroughly enjoyed your May profile, *Ted Nugent: Rock 'n' Roll King Gives the Lowdown on Superstardom*, and would like to see more articles geared to musicians and their sounds.

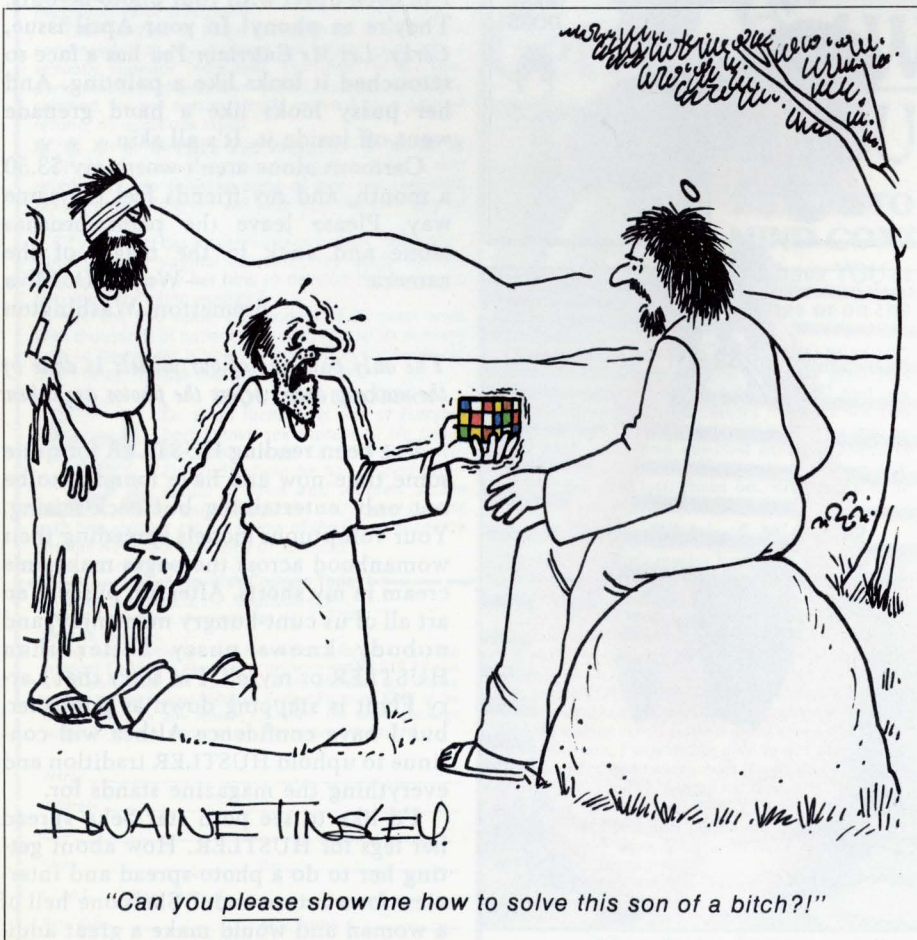
—Danny M. Drew
Fort Meade, Maryland

Your wish is our command. Just turn to page 34 of this issue. We've got an intimate profile of the king of country music—Merle Haggard.

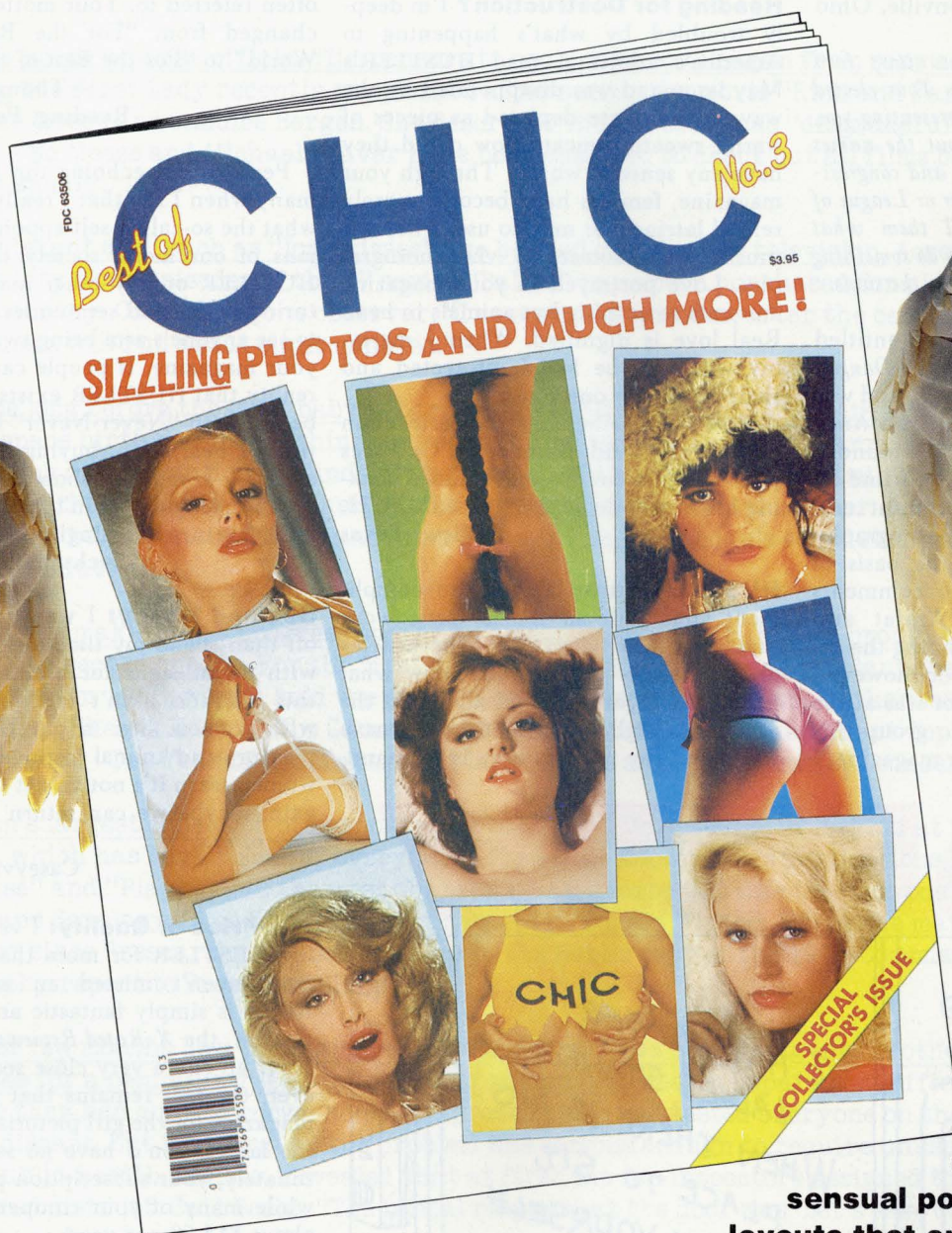
I really enjoyed your interview with Ted Nugent in the May issue. I've always liked the "raunch" in Ted's music, but now I like him even more because he gave us the *real* lowdown on guns in your article. Nice going, Ted. An enema with your 9mm Walther pistol would deter more than a few criminals, I'm sure!

—Frank R. Baner
Lovell, Wyoming

Although I found your March article *Contaminated Food: How Much Can America Stomach?* nauseating, it was also en-



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lightening, as I'm sure it was meant to be. I feel this is a very serious problem that concerns all of us, and I think every individual has the responsibility to do something about it. What, if anything, can we do?

—J. Hamilton
Jeffersonville, Ohio

The best weapon against unsanitary food processing is public awareness. Your elected officials are supposed to be representing you, not the food industry. Find out the names and addresses of your senators and congressman from your local newspaper or League of Women Voters chapter. Tell them what you've learned and demand they do something about it. Tell your friends to do the same.

Arabs and Taste: A feature entitled *Swingers Ads from the Criminally Dangerous* appeared in your April issue and was sent to us at the American-Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee. We found it to be in poor taste. Personally, I find all of HUSTLER tasteless, but most certainly it goes beyond even pornography to slander individuals on the basis of race. I refer particularly to comments made concerning Yasir Arafat and Sirhan Sirhan. I'm not defending the actions of either individual; I do, however, feel that the intended humor was at the expense of an entire ethnic group. Although I don't support your magazine, I

most adamantly support your right to publish. Please show Arab-Americans and Muslims this same consideration of basic human rights. —Vicki Tamoush
Santa Ana, California

Heading for Destruction? I'm deeply troubled by what's happening to America's adults. I read HUSTLER's May issue and was disappointed by the way women were depicted as pieces of warm, sweating meat. How could they have any sense of worth? Through your magazine, females have become merely sexual latrines for men to use. They are prostituting themselves via photography. Love portrayed in your magazine amounts to nothing but animals in heat. Real love is dignified. When I marry, my wife will be loved, protected and shared with no one but me.

HUSTLER is heading for destruction of the worst kind. Remember, God sees your every lecherous move and is making his own videotape.

—D. M. H.
View, Texas

HUSTLER Fans: I'd like to compliment your staff on the fantastic work that goes into HUSTLER. The articles are written by people who know what investigative journalism is all about; the artwork is high class; the cartoons have style; and the photography is outstand-

ing. I think it's important for a publication like HUSTLER to be in circulation, despite the efforts of antiporn moralists to shut it down. HUSTLER is informative, relaxing and funny. Far from being a social problem, it's a magazine I've often referred to. Your motto should be changed from "For the Rest of the World" to "For the Best of the World."

—Thomas Romano
Reading, Pennsylvania

Perhaps I'm echoing the thoughts of many when I say that I really don't care what the so-called self-appointed guardians of our moral society think about HUSTLER or any other magazine featuring nudes and seminudes. I have yet to see anyone's arm being twisted to buy your magazine. If people can't face the reality that HUSTLER exists, they must be living in "Never-Never" land. Many times I hear, "Oh, buying a dirty book again?" I reply, "Show me the pornography, and I won't buy it." Never have I returned a single issue. —J. T.
Jacksonville, Alabama

Sex and Money: I would rather jack off than spend my time chasing women with dollar signs for brains. I'll admit this attitude hasn't made me famous with women. Sex is purely an act of pleasure and animal instinct. As soon as women learn it's not an act for financial gain, maybe we can return to the true joys of sex.

—R. Hill
Caseyville, Illinois

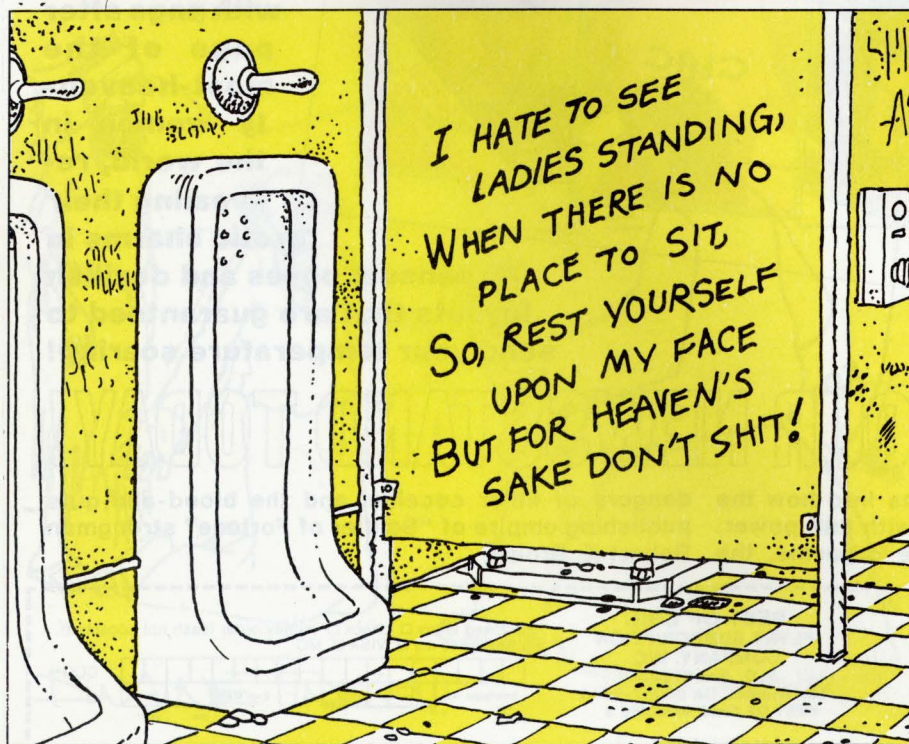
The Price of Quality: I've been reading HUSTLER for more than six years and haven't missed an issue. *Kinky Korner* is simply fantastic and *Advise & Consent*, the *X-Rated Reviews* and *Beaver Hunt* all run a very close second. However, the fact remains that I buy your magazine for the girl pictorials. Without the ladies, you'd have no sales. Unfortunately, your subscription price is \$33, while many of your competitors go for about \$15.50 per year.

Regrettably, I've subscribed to one of your competitors. I'll miss *Kinky Korner* and your other great features, and I hope you'll someday sell \$15 subscriptions so that I can once again enjoy HUSTLER.

—Gary L. Fox
Schenectady, New York

Other men's magazines are able to cut their subscription costs by running large amounts of advertising in their pages. Of course, we accept advertising, but our number-one concern is to provide our readers with the photographic and editorial excellence they expect from HUSTLER. We're sure you'll find after checking out the competition that you get more for your money with HUSTLER. 🐔

GRAFFILTHY



THANX AND \$25 TO B.C., FORSYTH, MO

World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

The White House now has official film censors to protect Nancy Reagan from sexy scenes and crude language. The First Lady recently complained after seeing the movie "Rich and Famous," starring Jacqueline Bisset and Candice Bergen. She described the sex scenes as "disgraceful." Now Presidential assistants Ed Meese and Michael Deaver have been assigned to check out all films before they go to the First Family.

Acts of "blatant sex" such as "long kisses" are banned on Lebanese television. According to reports in New York City, four episodes of the TV series "Dallas" have been purchased for airing in that Middle Eastern country. Commented one observer, "I assume the episodes, after the censor gets through cutting them, will run about eight minutes."

It won't be long before the first baby is born while orbiting Earth, NASA claims. "The Russians will be trying a space birth possibly within five years," says space planner Dr. Larry Edwards. Soviet doctors now carrying out revolutionary underwater births say babies born in a similar weightless environment would be healthier and stronger than babies delivered in the normal manner. America's first space parents could be astronauts Craig and Anna Fisher, a married couple scheduled to be launched together in the space shuttle.

Women may be making slow progress overall in American society, but 1981 brought a breakthrough in one area: the record charts. For the first year since "Billboard" magazine launched its "Top 100" record charts in 1958, women held the number-one position for more weeks than men. Female singers Debbie Harry, Sheena Easton, Kim Carnes and Olivia Newton-John all had chart-toppers last year and helped make '81 "The Year of the Woman," at least as far as popular music is concerned.

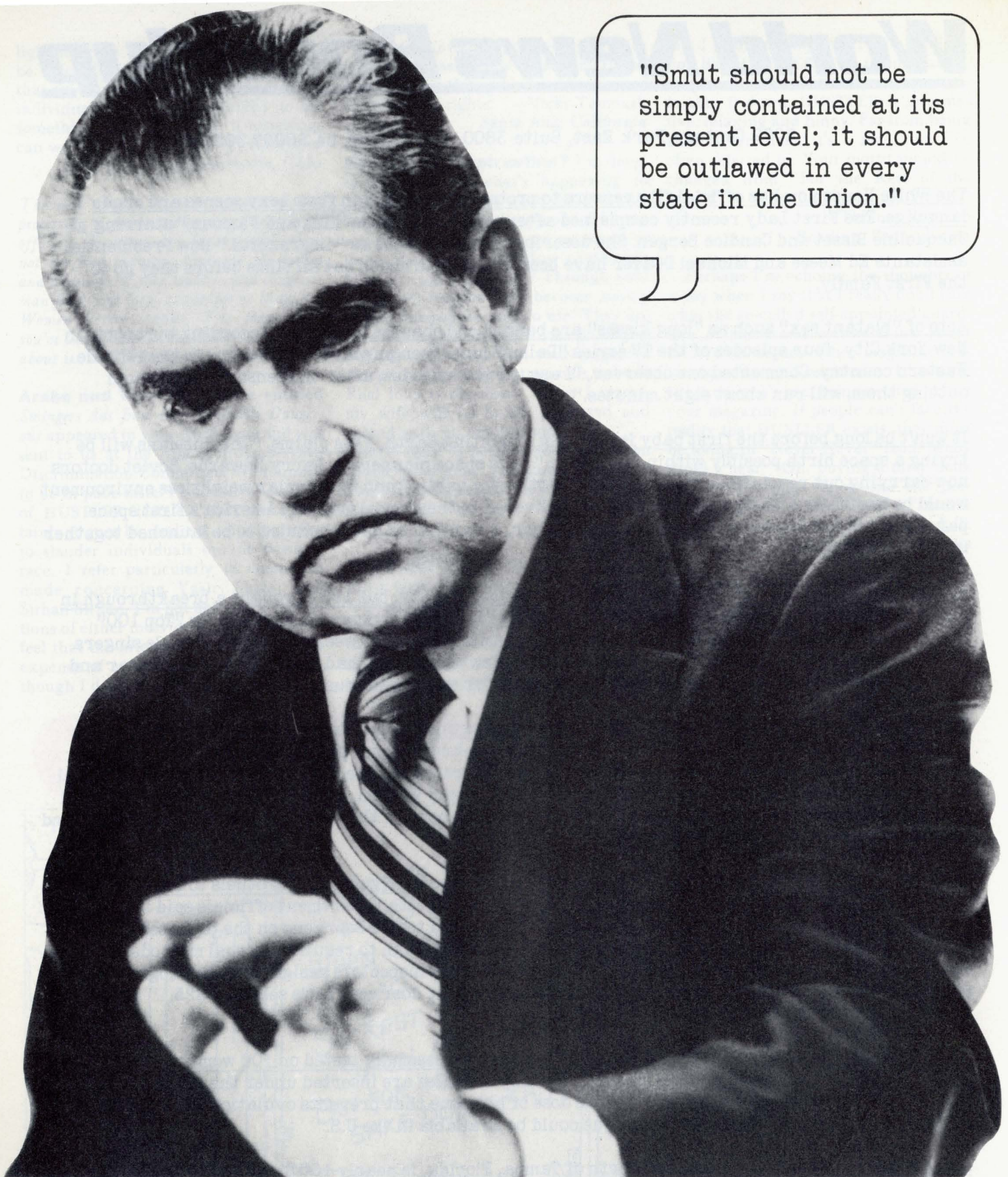
The nation's largest collection of pornography belongs to Uncle Sam. It's located at the Library of Congress, which has back issues of everything from well-known men's publications like HUSTLER, "Penthouse" and "Playboy" to the most obscure X-rated material, like the "Journal of Sex and Medical Therapy and Sexology." The library's magazine chief, Donald Wisdom, keeps the material safely locked away, ever since "researchers" took scissors to the public copy of the 1971 Commission on Obscenity and Pornography report to President Nixon.

In the past few months New York City health inspectors have been going into brothels to test and treat prostitutes for a penicillin-resistant strain of gonorrhea. Health Department officials said it was the first time they had gone to known houses of prostitution and tested everyone on the premises for venereal disease, but they argued the problem was serious enough to require unusual methods. Carmine Bozzi, a public-health adviser, revealed that at first the ten inspectors assigned to the program encountered distrust. Said Bozzi, "The initial response at the door was 'Let's see your \$25,' " referring to the normal fee charged to enter.

A new "wonder contraceptive" called NorPlant has been successfully tested on 100 women by researchers at the Academic Hospital in Uppsala, Sweden. Six tiny capsules are inserted under the skin on a woman's arm, which release a low, steady, continuous dose of hormone that prevents ovulation for up to six years. After rigorous testing the technique could be available in the U.S.

A new condominium development just north of Tampa, Florida, is nearly 100% sold out to nudists. Sitting on 70 acres of choice land, Paradise Lakes has become a new home to demanding nudists because they are fed up with tacky, second-rate nudist camps, and are looking for a permanent home. Prices range from \$25,000 to \$60,000, and prospective tenants must be members of the American Sunbathing Association.

The French state-owned television system has decided to include sexually explicit lonely-hearts ads on its late-night news bulletins. French viewers will be treated to descriptions of variously endowed men and women looking for dates. Homosexuals will be allowed to advertise, but the service will not be open to call girls, marriage agencies and those under the age of 18. 🍑



"Smut should not be simply contained at its present level; it should be outlawed in every state in the Union."

... as it is in the Soviet Union, and in hundreds of other countries where repressive and tyrannical regimes have crushed freedom of speech. But in the U.S., where the First Amendment to

the Constitution protects free speech, the government should never use censorship to silence *any* point of view. Still, there are those—like the tricky fellow above—who'd impose their

morality on everyone, taking away your right to enjoy whatever you like. Listen carefully to politicians who talk about what you should or shouldn't see... the odds are they'll bug you.

A PUBLIC-SERVICE MESSAGE FROM HUSTLER MAGAZINE

Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address it to: HUSTLER, *Advise & Consent* Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Edited by Rieva Lesonsky

Sex With Dogs: As an important, well-respected woman in my community, I must maintain a good image. But no one knows what goes on in my home. I have four dogs living with me; I know what they like, and they know what I like. One thing has always worried me (though not to the point where I've restrained my activities): Can a woman get pregnant from dog semen? —V. S. Lima, Ohio

No. The genetic composition of dog semen and the human egg are incompatible, making impregnation impossible.

More important, you should examine why you engage in sex play with your dogs. Many women who have sex with their pets start doing so as children, when they allow their dogs to lick their genitals. The fond memories of childlike sex play and the excitement of committing a "taboo" act encourage some of these women to avoid human relationships and pursue animal ones. It is the act of a child, not an adult.

The practice of bestiality (sex with animals) can be cruel to the animal, dangerous to you (feverish licking can become biting) and is illegal in most states. Consider going to a therapist. With help, you can find a more mature outlet for your sexual energies.

X-rays: I go to the dentist twice a year for X-rays. In addition, I get a chest X-ray annually. Is this amount of radiation dangerous? —G. J. Kalamazoo, Michigan

Radiation in large enough doses can damage the chromosomes in reproductive organs and possibly lead to cancer. However, the amount of radiation you receive in chest and dental X-rays is minimal. Still, it's not known what the risks of even this small amount of radiation are. The best idea is to avoid all unnecessary exposure.

Most dentists now believe a yearly bite-wing X-ray is sufficient to check for cavities in back molars (which can't be found any other way). A bite-wing consists of just two X-rays, while a full set can include as many as 21 X-rays. Unless you have special dental problems, you don't really need full dental X-rays more than once every five years.

Also, unless you have specific problems, there's really no need to have an annual chest X-ray either. Doctors used to advocate these to check the lungs for cancer. However, lung cancer rarely shows up on X-rays until it has already spread; so a yearly X-ray doesn't generally aid in lung-cancer detection.

If you're a cigarette smoker, you should be particularly cautious about getting X-rays. Radiation received from smoking 1½ packs a day for a year is equivalent to getting 300 chest X-rays. Talk to your doctor and dentist about their use of X-rays. If they have good reasons for you to continue taking them, request a lead shield to protect your genitals from radiation exposure.

Vaginal Tightening: At 28, I've given birth to four kids in five years. My vagina is really stretched out. Due to this, sex is just not as enjoyable as it used to be. Is there any way I can get my vagina tightened? —G. F. Detroit, Michigan

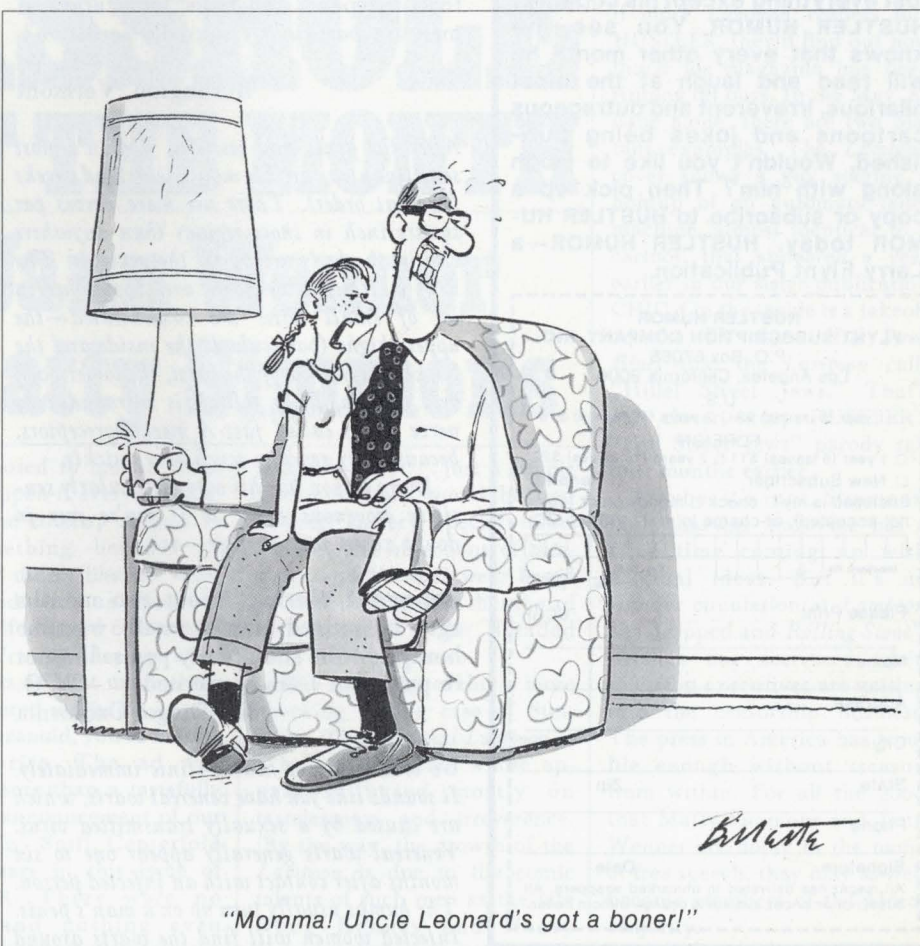
Your condition is common in women who have had several children in rapid succession. To tighten your vagina, try Kegel exercises (alternately relaxing and contracting the muscles you use to hold urine) to strengthen the vaginal muscles. If this exercise isn't effective, a surgeon can make "tucks" in the

vaginal wall where the tissues are often stretched or torn during childbirth. To prevent this condition many obstetricians perform an *episiotomy* during the birth process. This involves making small cuts in the vaginal opening so the baby's head can pass through without damaging vaginal tissues.

Restrictive Birth Control: The proposed federal law that would prohibit teenagers from getting birth-control devices without parental permission greatly upsets me. I believe teenagers are going to have sex whether or not they use birth control. All the new law would do is increase teenage pregnancies. Is there somewhere I can write to express my feelings? —L. D. Salina, Kansas

Send letters of protest to your senators and congressmen. If you don't know who they are, contact your local League of Women Voters. For your area write to Congressman Pat Roberts, 1428 LHOB, Washington, D.C. 20515; Senator Robert Dole, 2213 DSOB, Washington, D.C. 20510; and Senator Nancy Landon Kassebaum, 304 RSOB, Washington, D.C. 20510.

In addition send your letters to Richard Schweiker, Secretary, U.S. Department of Health and Human Services, 200 Indepen-



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IUD String: When we make love, my husband swears he can feel the string of my IUD. Does this mean it's not in its proper place? Is there any way to correct the problem?

—L. P.

Cairo, Illinois

IUD strings generally protrude from the cervical canal into the vagina about one or two inches. The string gives the wearer a method to check if the IUD is in place. The fact your husband says he can feel the string probably means the device is in its proper place. (You should check the string once a month after your period to make sure it is still there.)

In general, an IUD string will not interfere with lovemaking. Sometimes men think they feel the string during sex, when in fact they are touching the cervix. If the string is the problem, your doctor can easily shorten it so your husband won't feel it. The device does not have to be removed during this procedure.

Erogenous Zones: My old man goes nuts when I rub the back of his thighs. Is this area an erogenous zone? Other than the penis and balls, what areas in men are particularly sexually sensitive?

—H. W.

Burlington, Vermont

After the penis and testicles, a man's most sensitive areas are his mouth, ears and cheeks (in that order). There are more nerves per square inch in those regions than anywhere else in the body except for the genitals. The next most sensitive zones are those where a lot of small hairs are concentrated—the upper thighs (particularly the inside and the back), the middle of the chest, the lower back and the ass. Each follicle is surrounded by nerve fibers called fast-A mechanoreceptors, because they react to touch very quickly.

Every person has his own particularly sensitive erogenous zone; so if you're ever in doubt about your partner—ask.

Venereal Warts: About two months ago I noticed some small wartlike bumps on the shaft of my penis. I'm not in pain, but I am concerned.

—W. O.

San Diego, California

Go to a doctor or health clinic immediately. It sounds like you have venereal warts, which are caused by a sexually transmitted virus. Venereal warts generally appear one to six months after contact with an infected person. The bumps usually turn up on a man's penis. Infected women will find the warts around

their vagina or on the cervix. If either a man or woman engages in anal sex, the warts can show up around the anus as well.

There are several treatments available, including electrosurgery, freezaburning or the use of drying lotions. Only a doctor can diagnose and provide the proper treatment. If left untreated, the warts will spread. As in all venereal diseases, you should contact everyone you've had sex with since the time of your infection; because the disease can be sexually transmitted, they need medical help as well.

Prostate Cancer: My brother-in-law died from prostate cancer. I had heard this disease was transmitted by sexual contact, but my brother-in-law was a priest. Do doctors know what causes it?

—J. J.

Canton, Ohio

Cancer of the prostate (the gland located near the bladder that manufactures part of the seminal fluid) kills 22,000 men a year—the fourth-highest cancer mortality rate among U.S. males. A recent study concludes that prostate cancer is definitely not a sexually transmitted disease. The medical records of 1,300 priests were studied, and researchers expected few cases to turn up—but in fact, a slightly higher incidence was uncovered. Some doctors think prostate cancer is related to excess levels of the male hormone testosterone. If this theory is true, they believe this disease can be controlled through hormone therapy.

Baldness Cure: I heard about a new "miracle" drug that cures baldness. Since I'm 25 and losing hair fast, I'm anxious to know about it.

—E. K.

Saginaw, Michigan

There may be hope. Doctors who prescribed Loniten for high-blood-pressure patients noticed that many of them were sprouting hair on their previously bald heads. Unfortunately, the medication also induced hair growth on the forehead, temples and back. Since Loniten is a strong drug with potentially serious side effects, reputable physicians won't prescribe it merely to alleviate baldness. Some doctors, however, mixed the medication into a solution that can be applied directly to the scalp. Preliminary results show some patients have had "dramatic" hair growth, although others hardly improved at all.

Upjohn, the manufacturer of Loniten, provides some hope. The company has instituted a baldness research program.

Lastly, a Nevada businessman has come up with a "cleansing" formula that claims to clean away material inhibiting hair growth. The formula contains Polysorbate 60 (used in salad oils) and purified water. If you're interested, write to: New Generation, P.O. Box 2570, Sparks, NV 89431.

Bits & Pieces

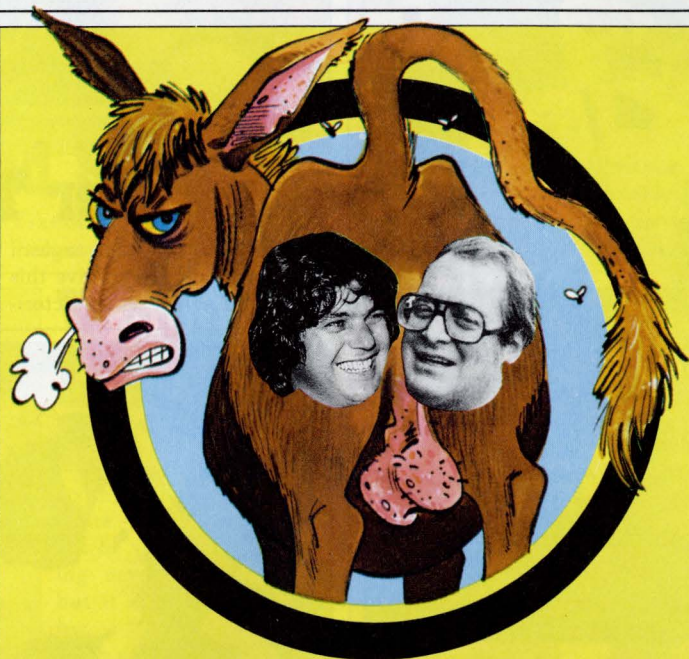
Moral Majority-type assholes are running around the country trying to subvert the Constitutional guarantee of free speech. So the last person you'd expect to get involved in censorship would be the top executive of a magazine. But in one week, both the chairman of the board at *National Lampoon* and the editor of *Rolling Stone* threw more fuel into the fire of repression than the followers of Jerry Falwell could in a year. In so doing, Matty Simmons and Jann Wenner earned the "honor" of being our July Co-Assholes of the Month.

Wenner, who has made millions by being the first to cash in journalistically on the anti-establishment spirit of rock music, showed where he really stands on freedom of the press when his *Rolling Stone* magazine flatly rejected selling advertising space to HUSTLER. There's a name for that: censorship. And it makes no sense coming from a man whose magazine is a prime target of the bluenosed repressors. After all, they're the same people who call rock 'n' roll the "devil's music" and go around burning up albums. But maybe sensible behavior is too much to expect from an overgrown groupie whose life is spent glad-handing celebrities, though most of them ridicule him behind his back.

Wenner is a hypocrite as well, if he thinks he can justify banning HUSTLER ads while he accepts ads for drug paraphernalia and T-shirts with off-color or tasteless slogans.

Even more unbelievable are the actions of Matty Simmons, whose *National Lampoon* also refused to run the HUSTLER ad. After that magazine's advertising people gave approval to the ad, Simmons killed it. Later, it was hinted to us by the *Lampoon* people that some concern over an "adverse effect" on other advertisers may have had something to do with the ban.

Now, just what the hell is



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Jann Wenner
Matty Simmons

that supposed to mean? What would happen if every publication in the country refused to run something because an advertiser didn't like it? We'd be saddled with an insidious kind of self-imposed censorship.

If you're wondering what was in this ad that made those high-powered magazine executives so paranoid, you're in for a big surprise. The ad was nothing more than a tastefully designed announcement of our Scratch 'n' Sniff Centerfold that appears in this issue of HUSTLER. There were no visuals and nothing even

remotely sexy... just a simple notice that we would be presenting a very special issue. Clearly, the objections of Simmons and Wenner were based primarily on the fact that the ad would involve the dreaded HUSTLER Magazine.

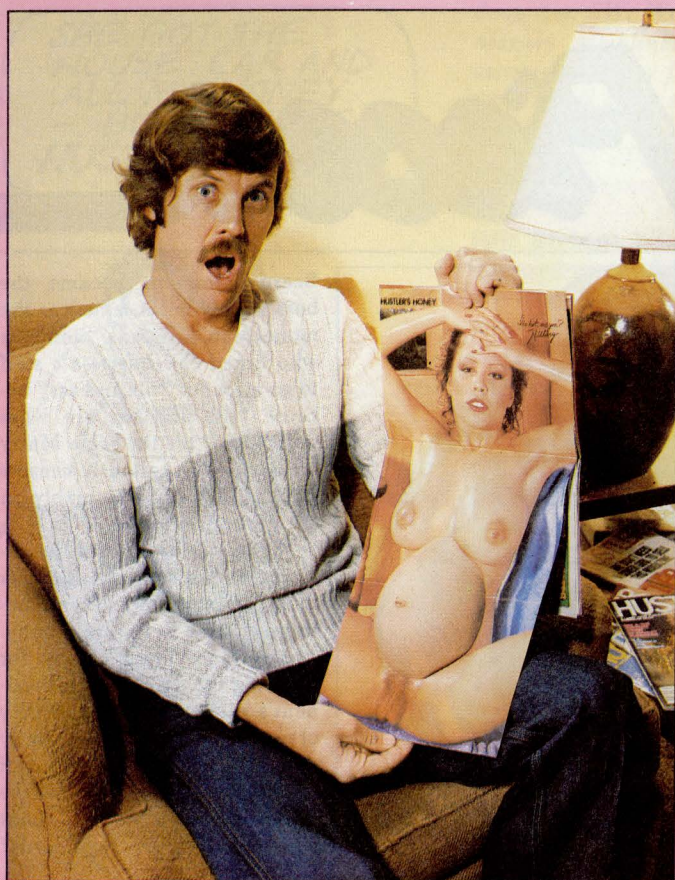
The hypocrisy of this is more shocking in the case of Simmons. The *National Lampoon* is a humor magazine whose appeal is based mostly on tastelessness and irreverence. (By the way, the growth of the *Lampoon* is due to the comic talents of such men as the late Doug Kenney and Henry

Beard; Simmons became the boss mainly because he was the moneyman.) It was Simmons who urged the *Lampoon's* staff to go more for "tits and ass" because "tits and ass are what sells." Now it's the same Matty Simmons who callously censors a HUSTLER ad, presumably on the grounds of taste.

We're talking about a magazine that has run such items as "First Blowjob" and instructions on how to cut up a baby. It also ran a mock contest for guessing the date when a President's wife would die, and they created a Cambodian-baby candy with a bite taken out of it. We're supposed to believe this magazine is worried about conventional-taste standards? *Come on!*

We can think of one logical reason for Simmons' act of censorship. Maybe he's afraid that if more *Lampoon* readers buy HUSTLER, they'll find out how much his magazine has been ripping off ours. In the May '82 issue alone, there are two blatant examples. The *Lampoon* cover shows a guy staging a holdup of an automatic-teller machine, almost identical to a cartoon that appeared a year earlier in our sister publication CHIC. On the inside is a takeoff on the TV show *Hill Street Blues* that the *Lampoon* calls "Hillel Street Jews." That's very clever, except HUSTLER's "Hill Street Jews" parody ran four months earlier.

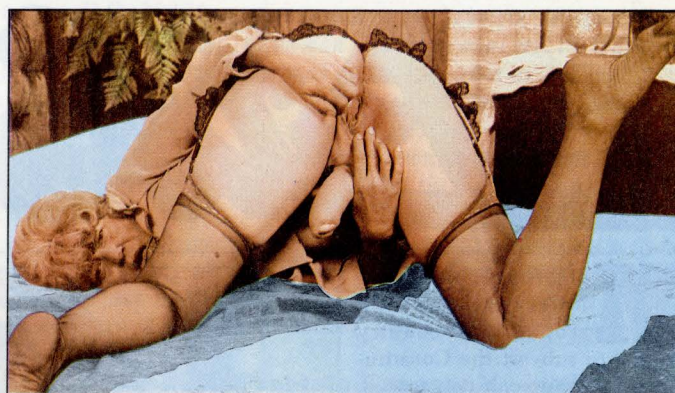
Maybe it's not Simmons' fault that his magazine has a hard time coming up with original ideas. But it's no wonder circulation at *Lampoon* has dropped and *Rolling Stone's* revenue has decreased when their top executives are getting into the censorship business. The press in America has trouble enough without treason from within. For all the good that Matty Simmons and Jann Wenner are doing in the name of free speech, they may as well become members of the Moral Majority.



Okay, Who Knocked Up the Centerfold?

How many guys are out there right now jerking off on our centerfolds with absolutely no thought about birth control?

Let's see hands... no, never mind, they're all sticky. Just think about it though—have you noticed any of your back issues getting a little heavier?



Remember This Face

You'll be seeing it again. HUSTLER is going to give this mystery of nature a full pictori-

al layout in an upcoming issue. It's an offbeat photo session you won't want to miss!



Hot-Tub Ring

You may get a ring around your tub, but it's probably nothing like this! Sent in by on-the-spot

photographer James Lee Soffer, this shot of a swing group shows how to get more out of your hot tub. Actually, it looks like you can get more *out* of it than *in* it.

Tricks Are for Kids

Should kids learn about the facts of life from breakfast-cereal boxes? An official of Planned Parenthood in New York City thinks it would be a fantastic idea. Mimi Barker of the organization's medical-research office has proposed that elementary sex-education booklets be put inside the package because "we have to develop new ways of reaching our target population."

Well, why keep it in the box?

Here's HUSTLER's suggestion for a brand-new breakfast cereal that teaches youngsters about sex inside *and* outside the box. It's the first one that says "Snap," "Crackle" and "I'm Coming!"

Six important sex facts:

-  **1** Don't fuck animals.
-  **2** If he/she has little bumps on his/her privates, say no!
-  **3** If he/she has a green drip from his/her privates, use a rubber (Daddy's balloons).
-  **4** If he/she is a he/she... watch out!
-  **5** Don't play with little brother's or little sister's pee-pee places.
-  **6** Tell strangers you want money up front.



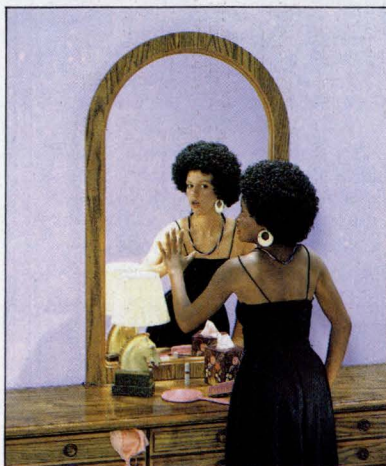
The Moon and Stars

These photographs are from the book *Private Pictures* (\$9.95;

Vikeship, 299 Murray Hill Parkway, East Rutherford, NJ

07073). They clearly illustrate how actress Romy Schneider (left) and actor Jack Nicholson (right photos) back up their

claims to fame. And from this angle the two stars certainly look like all they're cracked up to be.



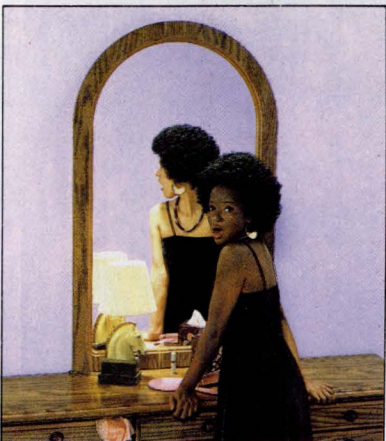
White Like Me

Lynette Klatt is white. That may not be very shocking news to you, but it sure was to her.

She'd been raised as a black child by adoptive black parents since she was two years old. After they died, 32-year-old Lynette went through a great deal of trouble to trace her natural "roots" in the South and found she was in fact the daughter of a white couple.

Because she was born with a condition known as Mongolian spots—similar to birthmarks and considered typical among the darker races—the adoption agency mistakenly listed the female child as black.

Coincidentally, Lynette had already married a white man before she uncovered her true racial origin. He said it didn't bother him that his wife was white. Yeah... we know.



THE JOHN BELUSHI SAMURAI AUTOPSY KIT

Be a Cut-up!

John Belushi is still dead. That means it's time for tasteless memorial products. There'll be books and films galore, but this is the item that would really show you what made him tick! Everyone knew he had guts, and here's what they looked like. Drug overdoses optional.

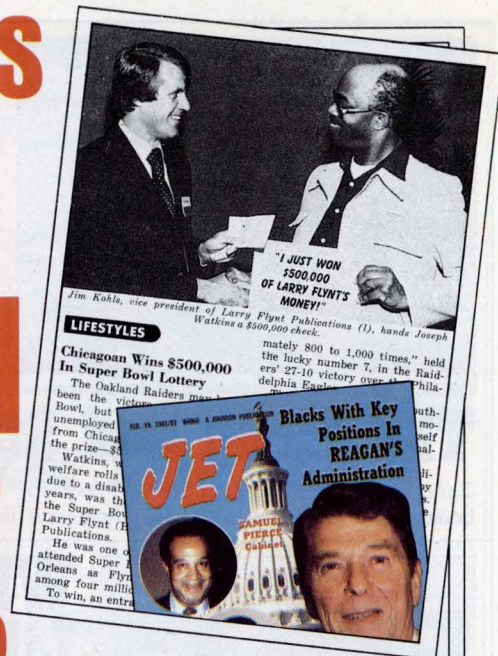
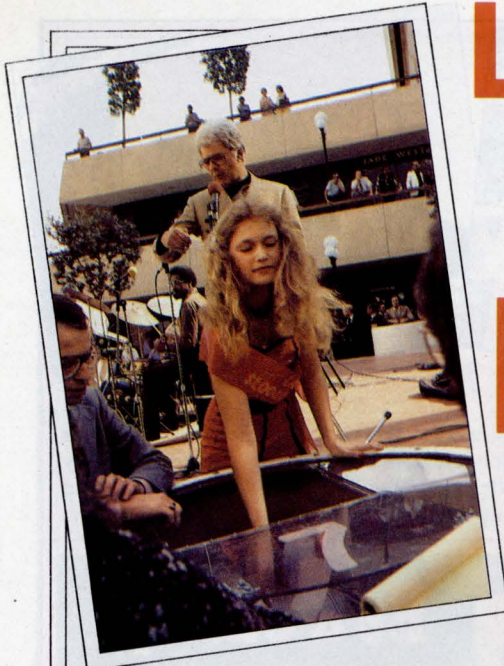
THE JOHN BELUSHI SAMURAI AUTOPSY KIT

Open-Face Sandwich

Mmmmm! Those potatoes, that bread... that mouth, those teeth? We'd be afraid to order an item like this in a restaurant. For one thing, if we took a bite, it might bite back!



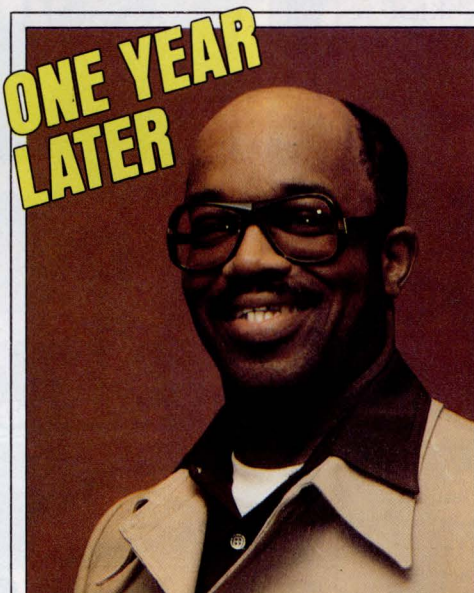
Larry Flynt's 1/2 MILLION DOLLAR WINNER



We've ruined the Super Bowl for Joe Watkins. Never again will he be as excited about the outcome of that game as he was in 1981—when Larry Flynt gave him a half-million dollars just for picking the final digit in the total added score of the two teams. Winning the Larry Flynt Million-Dollar Giveaway had to be the high point of this Chicago painter and musician's life, and we decided to check on him a year later to see what's changed.

"Some of the relatives and friends became a bit pestier," says Joe of his early days as a wealthy man. "I wouldn't bother them if they had won. I'd be glad for 'em, but I wouldn't bother them." Still, Joe has helped out a lot of people in the past year. His memories of unemployment on the Windy City's tough South Side aren't that far behind him.

How about possessions? We asked if he'd bought any giant-screen TVs or elaborate stereo setups. "No, I don't go in for that stuff." But cars are a different story. The first big thing Joe bought was a '76 Lincoln Continental.



Obviously not accustomed to having so much money, he made his initial purchase a cautious one. But barely a year later Joe went out and picked up an '82 Lincoln Continental Signature. Funny how quick you can adjust, huh? He kept them both.

But despite the money and being written up in both *Jet* magazine and the prestigious Irv Kupcinet column of the *Chicago Sun-Times*, Joe is the same guy he always was. He still lives in the same place, and he still loves to play the maracas. He declares with pride that "most of my friends say I haven't changed."

If there's any difference in Joe, it's that he isn't working now because he doesn't have to. "No menial work, at least for a while."

Did he watch the '82 Super Bowl? "Yeah. And it felt kind of strange. Ya know, I would have won this year too. The last number of the final scores added together would have been seven again."

Nope, the Super Bowl is never going to be quite the same for Joe Watkins.





High on the Hog

A humor magazine for pig breeders? Yep, that's what *Playboar* is. It's a Canadian takeoff of the *Playboy* format, complete with celebrity profiles (like Communist pig Leonid Fullov Bullshitski) and a centerfold, the *Playboar Littermate*. Interspersed with the humor are serious articles on

swine breeding, transportation and pork grading. We grade this publication A for making a trade magazine something more than a dull newsletter. We're not sure there's enough swine-men to support this pearl, but it deserves a shot. For information, write *Playboar* (Pigskin Productions Ltd., P.O. Box 1838, Guelph, Ontario, Canada N1H 7A1).

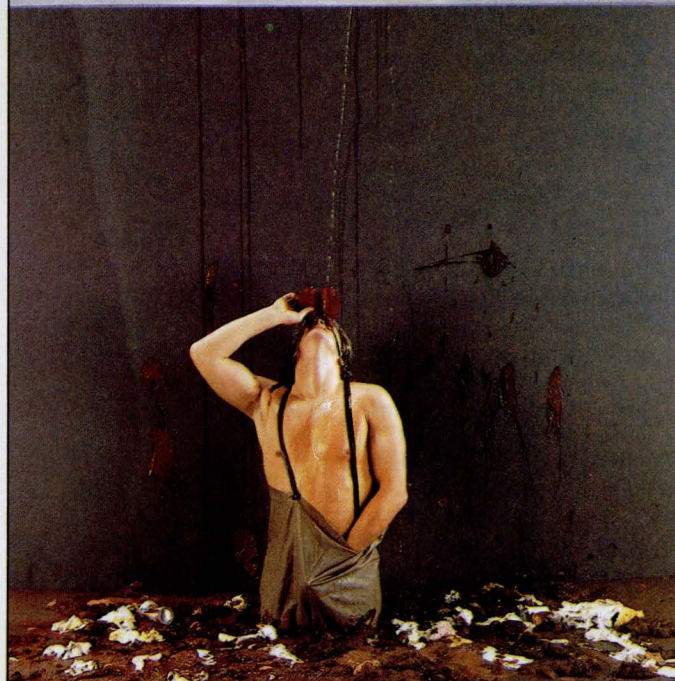


Shoot 'Em

Whoever said "An army travels on its stomach" forgot to mention there's always a group that brings up the rear. And if this

reader-submitted photograph is any indication, we've found that group.

We guess the Marine Corps' slogan has changed... now they're looking for a few good moons.



It's the Pits

Here's a news item that wasn't reported for shit. It seems a 31-year-old male nurse was caught wallowing in a pit below the women's outdoor toilet in a California state park. When a park ranger found him, the shirtless man was waist-deep in

excrement. His defense in court was that he was down there merely to take in the aroma. Uh-huh.

Needless to say, a municipal-court judge found him guilty of lewd conduct—watching a woman urinate or defecate for the purpose of sexual arousal. If the guy's lucky, they'll throw him in the can.



Don't Egg Her On!

We now present for your viewing pleasure... a woman who blows eggs out of her cunt! At least that's what the photographer who sent us these unusual shots of stripper Honeysuckle Divine claims. Of course, she had help. We figure the egg was anxious to get out too.



Humpsters

We can't figure out why they'd want to do this, but scientists at Chicago's Michael Reese Hospital have been successful in getting a human sperm to penetrate a hamster egg.

Although fertilization of a nonhuman egg by a human sperm is supposedly impossible—who knows? Maybe we could develop an entire race of beings who eat less, live in smaller spaces and bite bratty little kids who squeeze them too hard.

Bigger Is Not Always Better

Look at it! It's big, ugly and definitely needs to be removed. But let's forget about the necklace for a second and take a gander at that scrotum. Does Hefty Bag make jockey shorts for this man? All we know for sure is that the disease is called scrotal elephantiasis, and it's extremely undesirable. While some girls really get the hots for a huge cock, nobody wants to fuck a guy whose testicles are larger than his head.



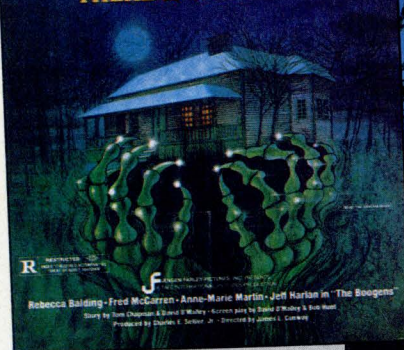
SOME THINGS SHOULDN'T BE PICKED...

SOME THINGS SHOULDN'T BE DISTURBED...

The Boogers

Afraid of not knowing...
Afraid to find out...
After 100 years someone has reawakened "The Boogers"

THERE IS NO ESCAPE!



The Boogers

You can roll and roll,
but you can't get
rid of "THE BOOGERS"



A Different Flick

Horror films should try to relate to real-life scary situations. For example, the terror you feel when your date comes into the room and you've got a big green one on

your finger—and nowhere to hide it! The movie *The Boogers* could have been a lot scarier if the writers had picked that plot. We guess they couldn't put their finger on it.

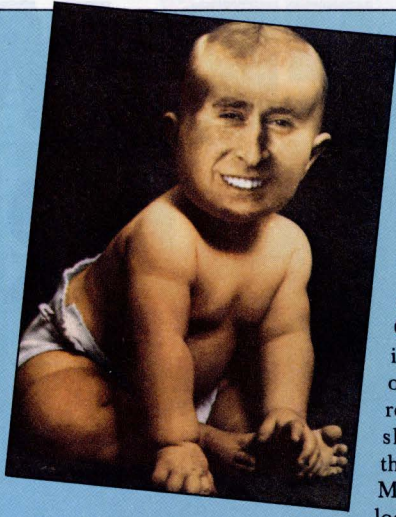
Plane Talk

Why cry over spilled passengers? Airlines have to learn how to turn tragedy into profit. If the government can bullshit the public by saying that nuclear accidents give us useful information, why not the airline that put a plane into the Potomac? Here's our concept for an ad that takes the fear out of flying.



We'll move
our tails
to find you.

AIR FLORIDA CRUISES



The Royal Rug Rat

The kid can't win. The offspring of Prince Charles and Princess Di is doomed to favor one of them. And these retouched baby pictures show how unfortunate that resemblance might be. Maybe if it's lucky, it'll look like the milkman.

HUSTLER Update

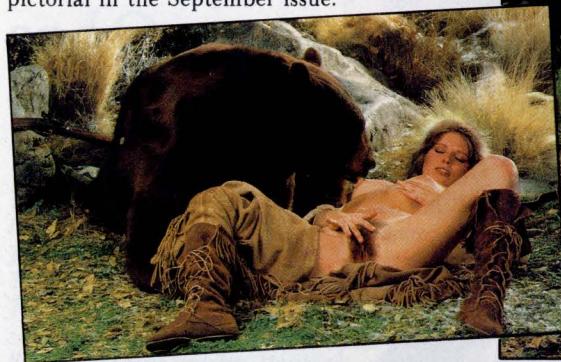


WORLD HUNGER April '82

Shortly after HUSTLER readers learned that kids in Calcutta, India, were eating kernels of grain picked out of cow manure, the rest of the world got the message. India's highly respected Gandhi Peace Foundation reported that some members of the untouchable caste in that country subsist on grain found in cow dung. Even more alarming, the foundation says these villagers are also eating *kesari*, a poisonous weed suspected of causing paralysis. Many of them are forced to accept the weed as payment by landowners—even though it is illegal to do so. Seventy-six villagers are said to be permanently disabled after eating the weed.

Good News Bear

As you can see from the shot on the right, the idea of a photo-session with a bear model (not to be confused with the bare model) left our beauty worried about the beast's intentions. Fortunately, the bear reacted like any warm-blooded male (below). All the lady had to do was grin and bear it. Look for the rest of this pictorial in the September issue.



TORTURE May '82

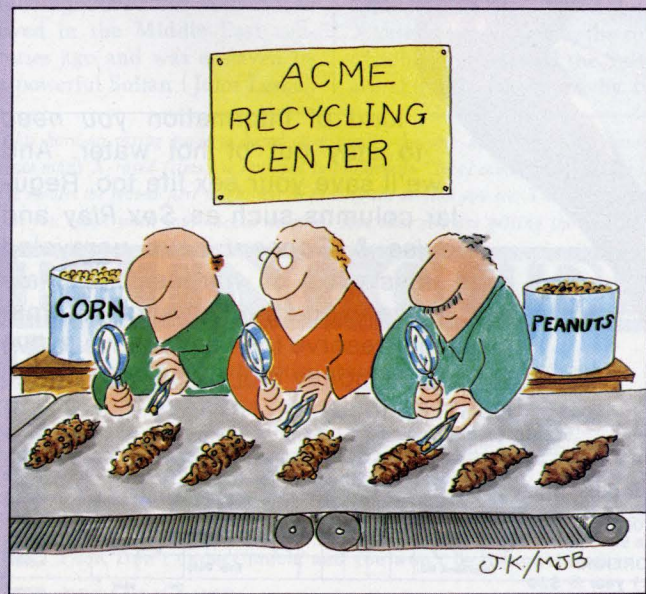
Two months ago our study of man's inhumanity to man told how the Shah of Iran's notorious SAVAK secret police routinely used torture. Now Amnesty International has released a report on the Ayatollah Khomeini's Iran: The current regime has executed more than 4,000 political opponents over the past three years. This compares to several hundred reportedly executed during the Shah's long reign. Like SAVAK, the Ayatollah's men "barbecue" prisoners—with hot irons applied to their buttocks and feet. Worse yet, Amnesty claims, "some prisoners had died under torture and then were hanged after they were already dead, apparently to make it appear they had been legally executed."

Threesome

Tape this photo to your bathroom mirror so you won't forget that our September issue will feature a *three-breasted woman*! With no trick photography!



Most Tasteless Cartoon



Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$150 for Bits & Pieces items. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to material accepted for publication, but we will return original art on request (enclose SASE). For July, \$150 and thanks to James Lee Soffer and Raymond Tillman.

HUSTLER WILL SAVE YOUR LIFE



How will you keep your head above water in the complicated '80s? The answer's right in your hands—HUSTLER. We dive into areas where other magazines are afraid to break the surface. In the past we've told you how to survive the American legal system, avoid a hospital calamity and identify the poisons in your everyday life. This is the

kind of information you need to stay out of hot water. And we'll save your sex life too. Regular columns such as *Sex Play* and *Advise & Consent* have unraveled the mysteries of herpes, the male sex drive and the elusive vaginal orgasm. Preserve the life you love to live (and save money too) by subscribing to HUSTLER today!

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EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Dave
Yuzo Spector

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better and better productions.

A Thousand and One Erotic Nights

Fully Erect. Produced by Sandra Winters; directed and written by Stephan Lucas; starring Annette Haven, John Leslie, Lisa DeLeeuw, Lysa Thatcher, Paul Thomas, Tiger, Jon Martin, Mai Lin, Laura Lazare, Herschel Savage, Nicole Black, Joey Civera and Jim Malibu.

A Thousand and One Erotic Nights is the tale of Scheherazade (Annette Haven), a tantalizingly beautiful woman who lived in the Middle East centuries ago and was enslaved by a powerful Sultan (John Leslie).



Samurai intruder Jim Malibu heats up the action in 'Erotic Nights.'

As the myth goes, the sultry slave was sentenced to death by the ruler, but she managed to escape that fate by telling him intriguing yarns about adventurers and their ladies. In this porn production, which is touted as the first million-dollar X-rated extravaganza, the roles of Scheherazade and the Sultan are skillfully portrayed by two

of the most sensuous performers working in the field today.

Because most of the action supposedly takes place in the Arabian desert, for a change, some of the fuck-and-suck scenes occur in tents, on the sand and in other exotic locales. In addition, the movie provides colorful atmosphere, such as belly dancers, fire-

eaters, and enchanting harem girls in the Sultan's chambers. Small yet interesting touches like these add to the flavor, and viewers get a sense they're actually back in ancient times.

Each of Scheherazade's tales encompasses a different type of sexual interlude. In the best story a fisherman (Jon Martin) poses as a doctor to lure a mother (Nicole Black) and her two nubile daughters (Lysa Thatcher and Tiger) into bed. He instructs one of the girls to "examine" her sister's cunt and mouth with her fingers and tongue. Then, while the two young ladies begin thoroughly enjoying each other's bodies, they take turns turning on the fisherman. Before long, their swinging mom ambles in, a lusty look in her eyes.

There are quite a few of these spicy portions in *A Thousand and One Erotic Nights*, but the climax comes when Scheherazade makes it with the Sultan and is finally granted the right to a free life.

This film is loaded with wall-to-wall sex, but it's so well integrated into the storyline that it seems very natural and unrehearsed. The costumes, dialogue and exterior scenes all establish a realistic mood in a way few adult films have been able to do. Although this carnal epic could have used a few more dynamic camera angles and perhaps another sex scene or two featuring Haven, all things considered, this chronicle is a pleasing assortment of fleshy fantasies presented in a frank, vivid style. —Jeffrey Ressler

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

- FULLY ERECT**
Superior. A top production that delivers fullest satisfaction.
- THREE-QUARTERS ERECT**
Good. A well-made film that's guaranteed to please.
- HALF ERECT**
So-so. This may get you off, but its appeal is limited.
- ONE-QUARTER ERECT**
Poor. Don't expect much, and you won't be disappointed.
- TOTALLY LIMP**
A waste of time and money. Avoid this one at all costs.



'Erotic Nights': A belly dancer is but a clap away for Sultan John Leslie.



'American Desire': Veronica Hart, Lysa Thatcher and Robert Bolla toss sexual fidelity right out the window.

American Desire

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced by Filminvest Corporation; directed and written by Lasse Braun; starring Veronica Hart, Robert Bolla, Mai Lin, Alan Clement, George Payne, Lysa Thatcher, Mistress Candice, Roy Stuart and Dave Ruby; in Dolby stereo.

Unlike most porn pictures, *American Desire* poses a few good moral questions: Is it okay to fuck around when you're married or living with someone? After all, sex is so uninhibited these days, why shouldn't partners get a little action on the outside? Well, that's up to the individual, but Veronica Hart's excellent acting sheds new light on the psychological ramifications of adultery.

The story may not be the most original, but it holds to-

gether from beginning to end in a concise, easy-to-follow manner—a rarity for adult films. *American Desire* begins with a "beautiful couple," Sheila and Bob Welles (Veronica Hart and Robert Bolla), who admit to sexual boredom after a less-than-thrilling attempt to get it on. Bob suggests they each experiment on their own, which offends Sheila.

Confused, she splits for a breath of fresh air, not wanting to deal with her unscrupulous husband. Bob sees a good chance and immediately calls an escort service, asking for the special treatment. Little does he realize the "special treatment" means a trip down S&M lane.

Sheila decides to visit her father (Alan Clement) for advice, only to catch him fucking his live-in girlfriend (Mai Lin). It's not every day you see your dad shoot a wad on an Oriental nymphomaniac, and Sheila is

understandably disturbed. She finds free sex disgusting; yet deep inside she's curious as hell.

The ongoing debate over the availability of sex for men as opposed to women surfaces when Sheila comes home and finds some forgotten S&M gear on the bed. She tells Bob, "It's so easy for men. All you have to do is pick up the phone." To which he snaps back, "Yeah, but women don't have to pay for it." Touche.

With Bob's constant encouragement to get herself laid, Sheila revs up her classic T-Bird and looks for trouble. She falls for an architectural student (George Payne), but discovers him being seduced by the insatiable Mai Lin before she can do it. Disappointed, Sheila wanders into a vacant house-for-sale, where a stranger (Roy Stuart) is waiting for prey. She's forcefully stripped of her clothes in a long, highly erotic

sequence, and eventually gives up the fight and humps like a prairie dog.

Meanwhile, Bob picks up a teenage hitchhiker (Lysa Thatcher) whose tight cutoff jeans, knee socks and innocent, suburban face will turn on even the most jaded filmgoer. Bob gets the piece of a lifetime.

In time, Sheila and Bob realize that variety—in moderation—is the spice of life as long as they still love each other.

Desire has but a few problems. While Veronica Hart makes the film believable, she appears to be putting on a few pounds. And Mai Lin is always a treat, but invariably her scenes are poorly overdubbed.

This movie is worth the price of admission. The turnabout in Hart's character as well as lots of well-photographed sex make *American Desire* an enjoyable flick that may give you some ideas of your own. —D. Y.S.

Trashi

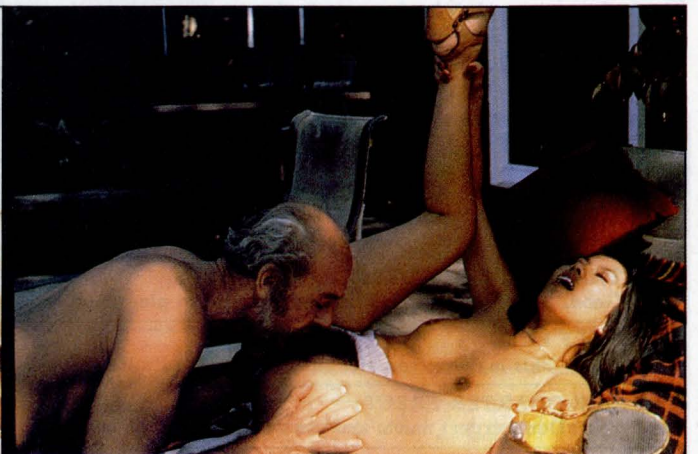
Half Erect. Produced by Joanne Lewis; directed by Louie Lewis; written by Tyler Adams; starring Lisa DeLeeuw, Carol Doda, Loni Sanders, Joey Silvora, Michael Morrison, Serena, Lysa Thatcher, Dorothy LeMay and Paul Thomas.

If the late horror actor Boris Karloff ever saw a screening of this fuck flick, he'd probably roll over in his grave. *Trashi* is the story of a female Frankenstein, a cocksucking monster with 40-inch tits who's made up of parts from dead women.

As the movie opens, we witness the creation of the bombastic *Trashi* (Lisa DeLeeuw) by a deranged scientist named Dr. Schtup (Michael Morrison).



Insatiable Mai Lin gets comfy with George Payne in 'American Desire.'



'Desire': Senior citizen Alan Clement shows Mai Lin age doesn't matter.

Although his experiment proves to be a resounding success, the doctor has also succeeded in arousing the attention of a suspicious police inspector (Joey Silvora) investigating numerous body-snatchings from a nearby cemetery. When the cop calls for the aid of a private detective called Bic Boner (Paul Thomas), the film takes off in a more-torrid direction.

Boner is contacted by the inspector while in the midst of a desktop encounter with his lovely secretary (Loni Sanders). As soon as they come together, the hard-boiled dick goes off to investigate the grave robberies. Posing as an exterminator, he uses his moxie to gain entrance into Shtup's lab, where he balls a bevy of the mad doctor's feminine creations.

Meanwhile, Trashi is learning the tricks of the prostitution trade from a madam friend of Shtup (Carol Doda). She teaches the redheaded human doll everything she ever wanted to know about sex—but wasn't programmed to ask. Unfortunately, the luscious Ms. Doda is given star billing but makes a brief, mostly clothed appearance. Once again, adult audiences expecting to see a big



In 'Trashi,' Lisa Deleew spreads her friendship in a new direction.

name wind up empty-handed.

Eventually, Boner gets wise to Shtup's game, and discovers the truth about Trashi. The macho private detective falls madly in love with the sexually proficient humanoid.

Despite the happy ending, however, *Trashi* leaves a lot to be desired for the hard-core fan of top-grade pornography. The special effects can best be described as cheap, especially

matresses spray-painted silver for a supposedly eerie effect. In addition, many of the sex scenes seem dimly lighted or shot from poor angles.

Nevertheless, if you're the kind of porn fancier who doesn't mind some technically awkward scenes and is interested in catching a fairly amusing, sometimes-stimulating tale about women robots, then you might like *Trashi*. —J. R.

Butterfly

No HUSTLER rating. Produced and directed by Matt Cimber; screenplay by John Goff and Matt Cimber, based on a novel by James M. Cain; starring Pia Zadora, Stacy Keach and Orson Welles. Restricted (R).

It's a shame that the country's newest sex symbol, Pia Zadora, made her silver-screen debut in a movie of such little merit. Despite what is arguably the most erotic R-rated bathtub scene in recent memory, *Butterfly* is so awful that viewers wind up laughing hysterically at its feeble attempts at drama—at least when they can stay awake.

The story, set in 1930s rural Nevada, centers on a scam to fool Jess Tyler (Stacy Keach) into robbing an old silver mine that he loyally—if not stupidly—guards for a paltry salary. The 17-year-old Kady, played by Zadora, claims to be his long-lost daughter, and Tyler buys her tall story lock, stock

and barrel—not a difficult task with a pair of pert nipples staring at you.

The audience is then subjected to some great cockteasing by Zadora, whose jail-bait face will probably let her ride the bus at half-fare forever. Tyler is a God-fearing, honest type who'd be the last man to touch his own daughter. But most daughters don't look like



'Butterfly': Budding starlet Pia Zadora teases but never pleases.

Pia Zadora. Tyler blows his cool when she tempts him to wash her shoulders in a soapy tub. Trembling, his hands slowly creep under her arms, around to her chest, and finally strike paydirt. Pia grins like a Camp Fire Girl who's gone bad.

The plot then thickens like lumpy oatmeal, becoming too complicated to summarize and still make any sense. When Tyler is accused of incest, judge Orson Welles presides over the case, providing some out-of-place fine acting.

Pia Zadora, known most for her singing wine commercials on TV, has appeared on all the major talk shows and frequently headlines at a Las Vegas hotel her husband happens to own. Recently she was bestowed the Golden Globe Award for best new star of the year.

Yes, Pia Zadora is definitely on her way, but her first movie will do nothing but slow things down. *Butterfly* never should have left the cocoon.

—D. Y. S.

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

Fully Erect

A Girl's Best Friend
Amanda by Night
Deep Inside Annie Sprinkle
8 to 4
Exhausted
Foxtrot
Indecent Exposure
Never So Deep
Nightdreams
Nothing to Hide
Outlaw Ladies
Pandora's Mirror
The Best of Gail Palmer
The Dancers

Three-Quarters Erect

Ball Game
Between the Sheets
Centerspread Girls
Country Comfort
Delicious
Extreme Close-up
Garage Girls
Inside Seka
Sex Boat
The Tale of Tiffany Lust
Urban Cowgirls

Half Erect

Afternoon Delights
Aunt Peg's Fulfillment
Centerfold Fever
Cheryl Hannson, Cover Girl
Flash
Manhattan Mistress
Roommates
Seven Seductions of
Madame Lau
Skin on Skin
Skintight
The Filthy Rich
The Tiffany Minx

One-Quarter Erect

Fireworks
Sweet Cheeks
Tinseltown

Totally Limp

Hot Dallas Nights
Little Orphan Dusty, Part II
Naughty Network
The Seductress

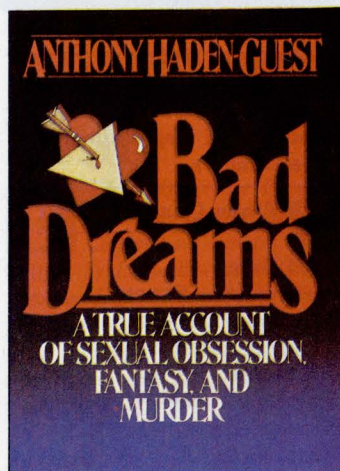
BOOKS

Reviewed by
Theodore Sturgeon

Bad Dreams

By Anthony Haden-Guest; Macmillan Publishing Co. Inc., 866 Third Ave., New York, NY 10022; \$14.95.

An ambitious young guy named Jack goes to New York in search of a dream, but ends up getting murdered. He was living with Melanie, a beautiful woman he knew for only a short time. She had been involved with a hard-nosed man named Buddy for several years. Ulti-



mately, Buddy goes on trial for Jack's murder, and Melanie's life is left in shambles.

What is interesting, even notable, is that this recent (1979-81) case had a cast of characters even Hollywood wouldn't believe, in a plot that no sensible screenwriter would employ—and it's all true. Anthony Haden-Guest knew many of the participants, and was a close friend of a number of them.

"Jack" is Jack Tupper, an engaging guy with, it developed, some questionable connections. "Melanie" is none other than Melanie Cain, a top fashion model who has done numerous television commercials and is, to readers of such magazines as *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vogue*, a familiar face indeed.

And "Buddy"—well, it takes a book this size to say it all about Buddy Jacobson, a dealer in real estate, a manager of discos and modeling agencies, and one of the winningest Thor-



'Cocaine Handbook': A clear, truthful and scientific treatise on coke.

oughbred-racehorse trainers in history.

Bad Dreams is an effort to discover the real Buddy Jacobson—what made the man do the things he did, what drove him, what was real to him, what he cared about. My own guess is that he did not and could not love. But suddenly he *did* love, and once that happened to him, he just didn't know how to handle it. But that's only my guess. Have a look, and see what you think.

Cocaine Handbook

By David Lee; And/Or Press Inc., P.O. Box 2246, Berkeley, CA 94702; \$14.95.

The *Cocaine Handbook* contains clinical warnings about the characteristics of certain chemicals used in the preparation and testing of cocaine, and medical cautions are also scattered throughout the book. However, it is by no means a bluenosed attack on the horrors of "devil cocaine." It's a straightforward, concise, factual and scientific treatise describing what coke is, its effect on the human body, how to test it and what to expect from it.

There are seven pages outlining cocaine laws and penalties for all 50 states. More than 200 photographs are featured (several in color) showing the exact laboratory procedures for testing the substance. And it actually is lab work, friends, not mere tinkering over the kitchen sink.

David Lee quotes and updates an interesting article published in a 1977 issue of *New Times* magazine: "A consumer might think about this: Coke goes for \$75-\$150 per gram, and \$1,800-\$3,000 an ounce (28

grams). Instead of buying one gram of cocaine he could: see 30 movies; buy 15 record albums; play 1,000 games of pinball; or buy one ounce of sinsemilla [a high-quality pot made from the flowers of the marijuana plant]. The cost of two grams of coke could get him 15 cases of Heineken beer; four good pairs of shoes; or five shares of AT&T. If the consumer does two grams a month, he could be living in a much nicer apartment. Three could be a color television. Four grams could be a weekend in Hawaii. Seven could be a Sony Beta-max.... The consumer can have any of these things or get high for 20 minutes."

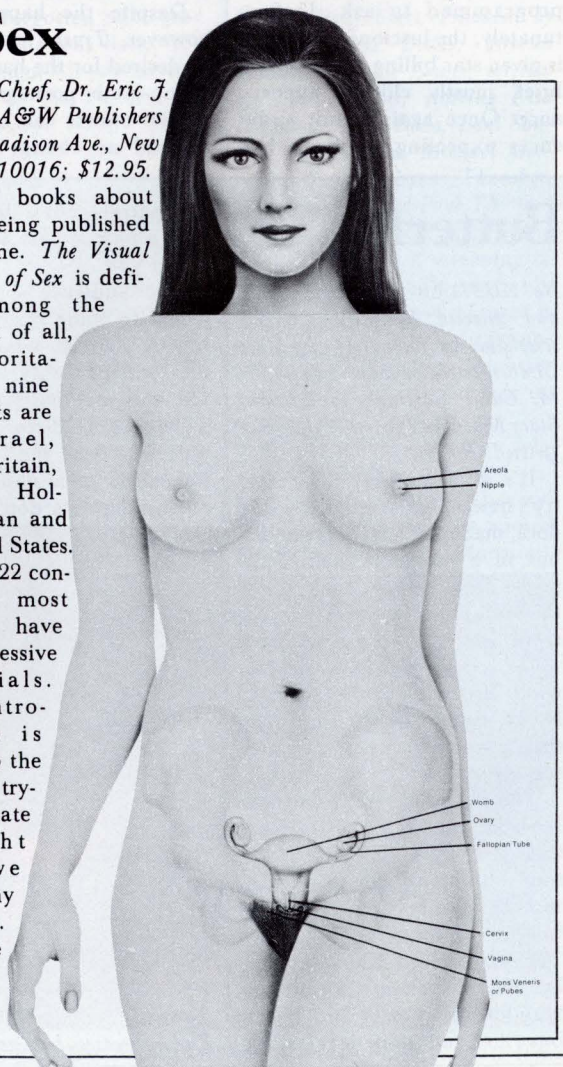
One could wish there were more reference handbooks like this one—clear, truthful, non-preachy—about everything that affects our lives and society, from sex and politics to booze and prejudice.

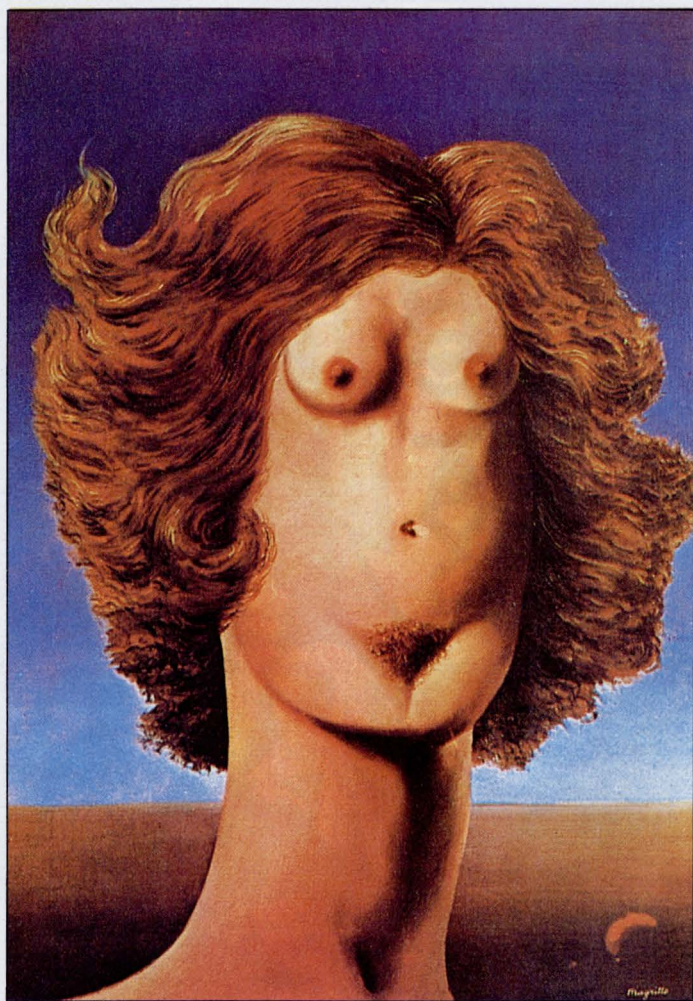
The Visual Dictionary of Sex

Editor-in-Chief, Dr. Eric J. Trimmer; A&W Publishers Inc., 95 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016; \$12.95.

Worthy books about sex are being published all the time. *The Visual Dictionary of Sex* is definitely among the best. First of all, it's authoritative. The nine consultants are from Israel, France, Britain, Denmark, Holland, Japan and the United States. There are 22 contributors, most of whom have very impressive credentials.

The introduction is straight to the point: "In trying to create the right book, we faced many difficulties. For we are dealing with a basic, over-





The Rapist File

By Les Sussman and Sally Bordwell; Chelsea House, 133 Christopher St., New York, NY 10014; \$12.50.

In prison, rapists are thought of as the "scum of the earth" by their fellow inmates. Authors Sussman and Bordwell bravely ventured into penitentiaries in New York, Louisiana and Illinois to listen to the frightening stories of several of them. They conducted 15 interviews, and if you want to take a look into the mind of a convicted rapist—here are 15 candid accounts.

There are rapists who were raised in the ghetto and others from upper-middle-class backgrounds. There are white, black, intelligent and stupid rapists. Some have only a vague idea of the heinous crimes they committed, and others vividly remember every terrifying detail.

Sal, a tall, stocky guy, recalls each moment and ecstatically describes how he held his victims up in front of mirrors so they could watch his knife sink into their bodies. He raped them after they were dead. Sal claims 25 killings.

Do rapists have anything in common? Yes, in many cases there is an incident or series of events in their past that made them despise women. It is usually a special woman—a mother, girlfriend or relative who has, in their minds, earned revenge, and they take this revenge out on other women.

This is the reason they are driven to commit rape. It is not always because they are sexually frustrated—rape is not necessarily a sexual phenomenon at all. In certain cases it reflects the anger of a weak man who has been dominated; he has to find someone he can dominate. But there's no denying that

THE RAPIST FILE

interviews with convicted rapists

Les Sussman and Sally Bordwell

Introduction by Ellen Frankfort

'Dictionary' is a graphic presentation of sex in words and pictures.

whelming, but puzzling human experience. Sex is still surrounded by taboos; yet it is constantly being thrust at our eyes and ears. 'Sexploitation' describes the way sex is made to sell a product, however remote the connection. 'Permissiveness' describes the new public attitude of noninterference with people's sex lives. All this can be cold and unhelpful. Warmth and sympathy are more liberating than commercialized full-frontalism, and warmth and sympathy are a major contribution by the authors and experts who worked on this dictionary.... This is a direct and open book about things that were once hushed up and have lately been overexposed. A book that thinks that love needs sex, and *vice versa*—and that neither can flourish without a good measure of humor."

This volume has an index that refers you to the definitions of more than a thousand terms, with cross-references to other sections if you need further

information. The language is crisp, the articles short, and there is a treasure chest of illustrations. It's one of those books that if lent to anyone, you'll never see it again. So you'd better buy two just to be safe!

'Dictionary': Sign language plays a big role in sexuality. Besides the familiar gesture for "Fuck you!" (bottom, third from left), homosexuals use handkerchiefs and keys to indicate various sexual preferences.



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The two strangers find themselves standing in front of the same bookstore window. The woman is dressed elegantly by French designer Yves St. Laurent, from the perfectly tailored gabardine trousers cinched in by an ornate gold belt to classic pump shoes and a raw silk blazer thrown over her shoulders, covering perked and tingling nipples. Hands in her pockets, the well-preserved older lady looks past her own reflection in the window, and studies the best-seller titles on display.

The other window-shopper is a rangy boy wearing tight, pressed Calvin Klein jeans bulging at the crotch, an expensive Ralph Lauren jacket, a polo shirt with the famous pony insignia and penny loafers shined to a burnished brilliance. Hands also crammed into his pockets, he ignores the book titles.

The young man shifts his feet ever-so-slightly, invading the space of the woman next to him. Not batting an eye, she too moves an inch in his direction. Carefully, the two strangers await a reaction, any reaction. After a beat in time, their eyes meet in the glass for the first time. The initial contact has been made.

The woman is 59 years old, the wife of a California real-estate baron. She could easily pass for 45, and a vivacious, sexy 45 at that. The boy is 19, though he's about to press his luck and try to pass for 17 one more time. He's a male prostitute, a prick peddler. The scene is one of the exclusive shopping streets in Beverly Hills. The time is late morning.

As they climb into her green-and-cream Jaguar, nothing is said until the woman slides the car into gear, and heads up a wide avenue lined by tall palms. Then she asks, "How much?"

"Depends on what you want," the young man replies, his hand resting on his crotch.

"The works," she says, realizing she's just bought a \$250 "luncheon" of wild sex for herself.

Mara, the hot matron in the Jag, is

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.



GIGOLOS: MALES FOR SALE

by Rita Greene

one of many rich older women who make use of young male prostitutes and gigolos to satisfy their sexual needs. These women do not, as Alex Comfort explains in *A Good Age*, fall within "the old blueprint of aging woman, that of the dried-up, unsexual, undesired older woman." They are, as he calls them, "the new old. For those who have been happily active in youth, age abolishes neither the need nor the capacity nor the satisfaction."

"Many women become more sexually vigorous with age," explains Dr. Joseph Poticha in his lively book *Use It or You'll Lose It*. In fact, the respected Kinsey report on sexuality tells us that more

than 80% of women well into their 50s continue to engage in sexual activity. And, as Oliver Wendell Holmes (a 19th-century physician and father of the Supreme Court Justice of the same name) put it, "Age, like distance, lends a double charm."

Not only are older women accepting their needs, but some are finding it makes sense to pay for sex—and pay a great deal of money. Mara's philosophy would seem to fit too. "Get top value for your money" and thus function more efficiently in other areas of a hearty, rich and full life.

"Why young men?" muses Barbara, a corporate lawyer and self-made millionaire. "Because young men are always ready. They're ever-ready . . . and enthusiastic."

"The first one I screwed was a friend of my son. He was 19, and I was 44. He was simply a great fuck, which was what I needed at the time because my husband was always tired. Don't get me wrong. My husband and I loved each other, but after 22 years the romance was a bit—shall we say—dulled."

"Mike and I went off to Palm Springs," Barbara continues, "and fucked for three days. I kept thinking, *I'm getting older, and this gorgeous young thing is making love to me. Who knows? It may never happen to me again.* I had nearly forgotten what an orgasm was. He was always so hard and pulsating. After-

ward, he'd brush my hair for hours and cream my back. Can you picture my husband doing that?"

The whole affair gave Barbara such a lift that she promised herself a young man four times a year, but never again with anyone her family might know—she had too much to lose. Paying was just simpler and, in her eyes, worth every penny. "But," she sighs, twisting a bright-blue sapphire ring, "I never forgot Mike. I always make each of them brush my hair for hours afterward and massage me with cream from head to toe."

Bill, a redhead with misty, seductive eyes, began his career as a male pros-

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titude on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood. "I was 16 and looked like an angel," he says. He quickly moved to Beverly Hills and the equally opulent Bel-Air, working the streets, with occasional stints in brothels and as a kept boy or gigolo.

"I had a great deal of fear at first. My fear was not that I'd be picked up by the police or that I'd get VD. My fear was that when I became a movie star... when I went up to get my Oscar, that somebody would shout out, 'That fellow was a whore in Beverly Hills' and destroy my career on national television.

"The older the women are, the younger they seem to like their men. Fortunately, I can still pass for 15. I'm 19 now. I admit that sometimes their age bothers me, or something else about them, like smelly dentures. One time an older lady, about 5-2 and 300 pounds, took me home with her. I remember, as we crawled into bed, she was just huge and said, 'If you miss the hole, use the fold; it's just as good.' To this day I do not know if I got the hole or the fold.

"Another dame once said, 'Don't kiss me too hard. My bridge will fall out.' And this old actress once asked me after dinner if I wanted to see her scrapbook. I'd been seeing her movies on the late show all my life; so I said I'd like to see it. I sat next to her on the sofa, and she brought it out. It consisted of pictures of men's crotches and asses that she had clipped from magazines, and a lot of Polaroids. As we turned the pages, her hand kept touching my thigh.

"We ended up in bed, and it was great. We saw each other a lot after that. She was particularly fascinated by assholes. She loved my ass, loved to look at mine and take Polaroids of it. I guess my ass is in her scrapbook now."

Gigolos agree that most matronly clients like straight sex, although some prefer the kinky stuff. Of course, with rich people, price is never a concern. No bargaining, no discussion. The man sets his price, and that will be it. He always gets cash up front, and usually the money's put in a plain white envelope and slipped into a pocket.

Bill continues, "If we spend an evening together, I pay for everything. Say our get-together costs 2, 300—dinner, cocaine, rented limo—they put 7, 800, a thousand into an envelope. I pay all the expenses and keep what's left. That is, after servicing them. If my price seems high at first, they know it's worth it once they've seen my equipment.

"It's never difficult to satisfy those women. They always get off or pretend to... it's a part of their fantasy. Last year I applied to be a vendor through

MasterCard and Visa. I listed myself as a travel agent and got my little MasterCard and Visa machine. That way I don't have to carry around large amounts of cash and worry about being ripped off."

Spencer—tall, thin, aristocratic and in his late teens—has a different tale. He is a gigolo in the true European sense, which means more listening and less sex. Several women have "kept" him, including one in her 70s, to the tune of a house, a car, clothes, trips and drugs. Spencer's going rate is between \$1,000 and \$2,000 a week. And what does he give in exchange? "All I have to do is be available 24 hours a day for sexual or other favors," he remarks.

"I make myself indispensable," Spencer adds. "I'm always sunny, bright, full of amusing stories, always eager and enthusiastic, opening up new vistas for them... to make them see life as being exciting again. You see, enthusiasm is infectious.

"A lot of boys, if they're sexy and good-looking and well-hung, think they can make it in the big time. But if they're stupid, they can't make it no way. Part of the turn-on for the woman is that you're supposed to be quite bright, well-read and a good dresser."

Bill attributes his success as a ladies' man to "great staying power," and Spencer to "being attentive as hell." Barbara and Mara like young male company because it fulfills a particular appetite, and fortunately, both women can easily afford the expense. "Young men never mention the wrinkles," Barbara explains. "Men my age do. We see the aging in each other. For instance, their balls begin to droop after 45.

"I remember one beautiful boy I used again and again. His name was Brian. He was about 18, maybe 6-2, a surfer type, hung like a horse and hairy in all the right places. He used his gorgeous prick like a bludgeon—wap, wap, wap—and it was always burning hot and inexhaustible." A look of longing passes across her eyes. "One day he was just... gone. He'd vanished... taking that wonderful tool of his. I melted just remembering him."

John Langone in the book *Long Life: What We Know and Are Learning About the Aging Process* discusses the eternal search for rejuvenation of body and spirit. Many methods have been tried over the years, including such desperate measures as "men taking shots of blood and semen from testicles of dogs and pigs" and "grafting female monkeys' sex glands to women." In ancient times alchemists thought that "if an old person is surrounded by young people for several hours, he would take in their expelled

air, air that was loaded with the very essence of youth."

Mara jeers at this old practice of searching for lost youth. "I don't want to do it all again—be a kid again. I like where I'm at, as long as I have my health, a wet cunt and a sound mind. I love my husband, and I want to grow old with him. Nothing can replace the bonding we have. It's like good vintage wine."

Her gaze shifts, a smile turning up the corner of her velvety, rose lips. "Good vintage wine," she repeats, "and, of course, a rich gooey dessert." She produces a bright-red heart-shaped box. "I like to take a little keepsake from each of them." She opens the top and tosses an array of fabric insignias out before her: little polo ponies, alligators, tigers, penguins... each ripped from the front of a man's sexy, cotton sport shirt.

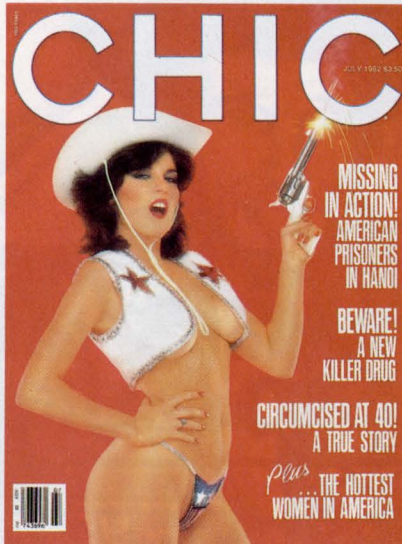
Bill admits to a darker, occasionally pathetic side to some of his female customers. "One old thing wanted me to stand naked in front of her with an erection. She would sit in a chair and masturbate while I threw rotten tomatoes at her. And it had to be rotten tomatoes; no other fruit would do. Obviously, she was deeply into humiliation.

"Another wanted conventional missionary-position sex, except that by her bed there was a glass of water. After screwing a little bit, she told me to take a sip of water and spit in her face. Yeah, every couple of minutes she'd beg to be spit at, and that's what I'd do.

"And the kinkiest I think I ever encountered," Bill continues, "was this one who made me drink beer. I'd drink, and she'd make me hold my bladder till it was about ready to burst. Then she'd get into the tub and tell me to pee on her. Didn't want me to do it on her nice carpets; so we did everything in the bathtub. I'd pee all over her, and then she wouldn't allow me to shake myself off. She'd suck me totally dry—every last drop."

Fucking someone's grandmother sounds gross to even the most liberal of us. It's an uncomfortable, disturbing thought to say the least. Yet the image of a typical gigolo in action is not too unlike such a scenario: spreading the flabby thighs of an old, wealthy woman and jamming a young, hard cock into mounds of wrinkled flesh, all for cash.

Can we really judge gigolos too harshly in view of their female counterparts? There seems little reason to justify the existence of high-class call girls and kept women while condemning these male hustlers. Possibly the universal answer lies in adding a few words to an old cliché: *If it feels good, do it. Just don't forget your checkbook.*



The prolonged bloodbath called Vietnam has been over for years, but for 2,500 American families tortured dreams of still-missing loved ones are very much alive. Equally horrifying is the fact our government considers these prisoners a "lost cause." Bob Allen's report will rouse your conscience and anger.

The soaring venereal-disease rate has prompted doctors to recommend circumcision to adult men for health reasons. What's it like having your foreskin surgically removed? Bruce Dobler gives a first-person account.

The tough climb up the career ladder in the backstabbing world of corporate politics is examined in this month's compelling fiction. Charles David's tantalizing tale probes the minds of people who'll do *anything* to

make it to the top—often risking their sanity and sex lives in the process.

You'll also awaken to the painful realities of "loads" in this month's DOPE column. Many believe this mixture of codeine and a sedative called Doriden is just a cheap heroinlike high and learn too late the price they pay can be death.

Find out how to put your lovemaking into high gear in this month's SEX LIFE. Plus, you'll rack your brain in TRIVIA TRIP, laugh yourself silly with ODDS & ENDS, swallow painfully with the bat-biting Ozzy Osbourne in CLOSE-UP and go into orbit with CHIC's out-of-this-world beautiful women.

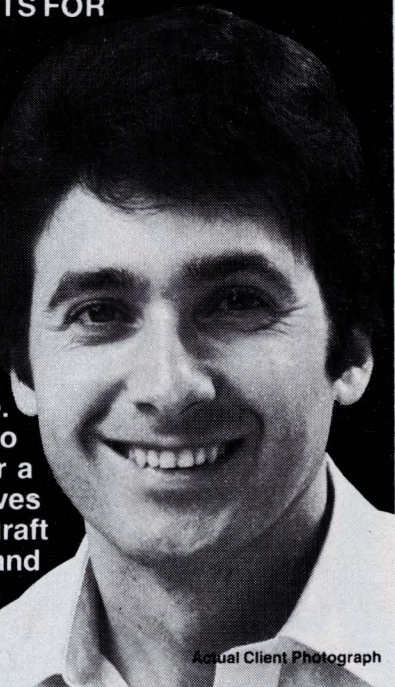
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MERLE HAGGARD

From Convict to Country King

CALIFORNIA STATE PENITENTIARY, SAN QUENTIN. 1958. The first light of dawn began filtering through the barred windows of the sixth-floor isolation block as Merle Haggard slowly regained consciousness. At first, he felt only the cold concrete slab on which he lay, naked except for a pair of thin pajama bottoms. Next he became aware of the numbing winter fog that rolled in off San Francisco Bay, chilling his 9' X 5' cell.

Worst of all, though, was the throbbing agony of the worst hangover he'd ever experienced. Stabbing needles of pain shot through his head, making it nearly impossible to open his eyes. When he finally did, the harsh gray light made them seem like they were about to pop from their sockets.

Beyond his physical distress, Haggard was haunted by a deeper mental anguish—a mixture of remorse, self-hatred and anger. He tried to seek the refuge of sleep, using a Bible to cushion his aching head. Instead, he found himself retracing the steps that had led to this hole—where, at 21, he was serving an indeterminate sentence of six months to 15 years for second-degree burglary.

Things had started to go wrong when Haggard was just nine years old. His father, whom he'd loved so much, had died suddenly from a brain tumor. The pain of that loss was still as fresh as if it had happened yesterday.

Why did Dad have to die when I needed him most? Haggard thought to himself, crying like a child until he had no more tears. But when he stopped, the pain and emptiness remained.

Soon after the funeral, Haggard remembered his desolation erupting into a pattern of rebelliousness and violence. His feelings had found symbolic expression in the

spider trapped in a web that he'd tattooed on his shoulder blade.

The five years he spent in various juvenile homes and correctional institutions merely deepened his rage. His lengthy arrest record eventually led the California court system to brand him "incurable."

"I was a fuckup," he later recalled. "There was this big empty space somewhere inside of me that nothing seemed to fill. God knows, I tried everything."

And then came the ultimate fuckup that had gotten him into prison—a bungled burglary following a night of heavy drinking.

Initially, even the harsh, life-and-death world of sadistic guards and hard-core criminals at San Quentin failed to make an impact on Haggard. He either quit or flunked out of numerous work and rehabilitation details, trying to escape from reality by gambling and shooting up cooked barbiturates. He also used oranges, potatoes, apples, yeast and sugar stolen from the prison kitchen to make and sell a crude home brew about four times stronger than beer.

A potent batch of moonshine had ultimately done him in. One day he'd been sitting quietly in the prison yard, gulping the liquid from a milk carton. Soon he was mouthing off at the guards and staggering so badly, he could barely keep his balance. One of his last memories, before awakening in solitary, was a shouted warning from a guard for him to freeze—followed by the click of a loaded .30/.30 rifle several feet from his head.

Seven days in solitary confinement brought some notable changes in him. Besides reading from the same Bible that initially had served as a pillow, Haggard had also talked with several condemned prisoners in nearby

PROFILE BY BOB ALLEN

Illustration by Alan Daniels

cells. Among them was Caryl Chessman, the rapist known as the "Red Light Bandit," who was executed at San Quentin in 1960.

My God, Haggard thought. If I keep fucking up, I could end up in the gas chamber.

Something else wormed its way through his troubled mind during those lonely days in solitary, an elemental truth he'd never quite grasped before. Gradually, it dawned on him that the only person who could save Merle Haggard—the one individual who could resurrect a sense of purpose within his soul—was himself.

Then and there, Haggard swore to himself that he would find a way out from the trap his life had become.

Brownwood, Texas. 1982. Twenty-four years, several million dollars and 27 number-one records later, Merle Haggard was still searching for the way out. He stood in the dim shadows of his tour bus, peering uneasily into the darkness like a caged animal.

Several thousand people had just finished cheering him at the city's Civic Arena. But now his bus stood trapped in the parking lot, hemmed in by the bumper-to-bumper crush of departing traffic. And dozens of ecstatic fans were surrounding the motionless vehicle, waving autograph books, snapping cam-

eras, pressing their faces against the glass and shouting for Haggard.

"The hardest part for me is after a performance, when there's people beatin' on the bus and screamin' profanities and hollerin', 'I love you! I love you!'," he said with a wince. "All you can do is sit there and listen to it. Sometimes I can't hardly stand it."

Staring out of the window, he took a deep drag on a Camel cigarette. Its amber glow revealed the harsh lines on his time-worn, bearded face, the tired blue eyes, and the faded self-applied tattoos on his left wrist.

"The only difference in my life now is the size of the cell," he sighed softly, "and the fact that this one is on four wheels."

Ever since Merle Haggard first made the national record charts in 1963, only a few years after his release from prison, he has remained in the forefront of country music. Along the way he has established himself as one of America's most enduringly popular entertainers.

Haggard's hard-edged anthems of self-esteem like "Okie From Muskogee" and "I Take a Lot of Pride in What I Am"—together with such ballads of down-home pathos as "Think I'll Just Stay Here and Drink," "The Bottle Let Me Down" and "I'm Turning Off a

Memory"—describe universal truths for the average American. His songs have soothed broken hearts and emptied beer glasses in truckstops, barrooms and even upper-crust establishments nationwide. Sales of more than 10 million albums in the past 20 years certify Haggard's widespread appeal.

Last March, Haggard enjoyed one of the high points of his career—performing as an honored guest at a gala barbecue celebrating Ronald and Nancy Reagan's 30th wedding anniversary. (Reagan had previously granted the singer a full pardon, in 1972, while serving as governor of California). Beaming from ear to ear, the President clapped along to the "Muskogee" verse about how Okies "still wave Old Glory down by the courthouse," unlike what "the hippies out in San Francisco do."

The smiling First Lady bounced to the rhythm while seated on a bale of hay. After the hour-long concert, Reagan told more than 800 invited guests that Haggard's music "reaches the heart of America" and helps people to remember their roots.

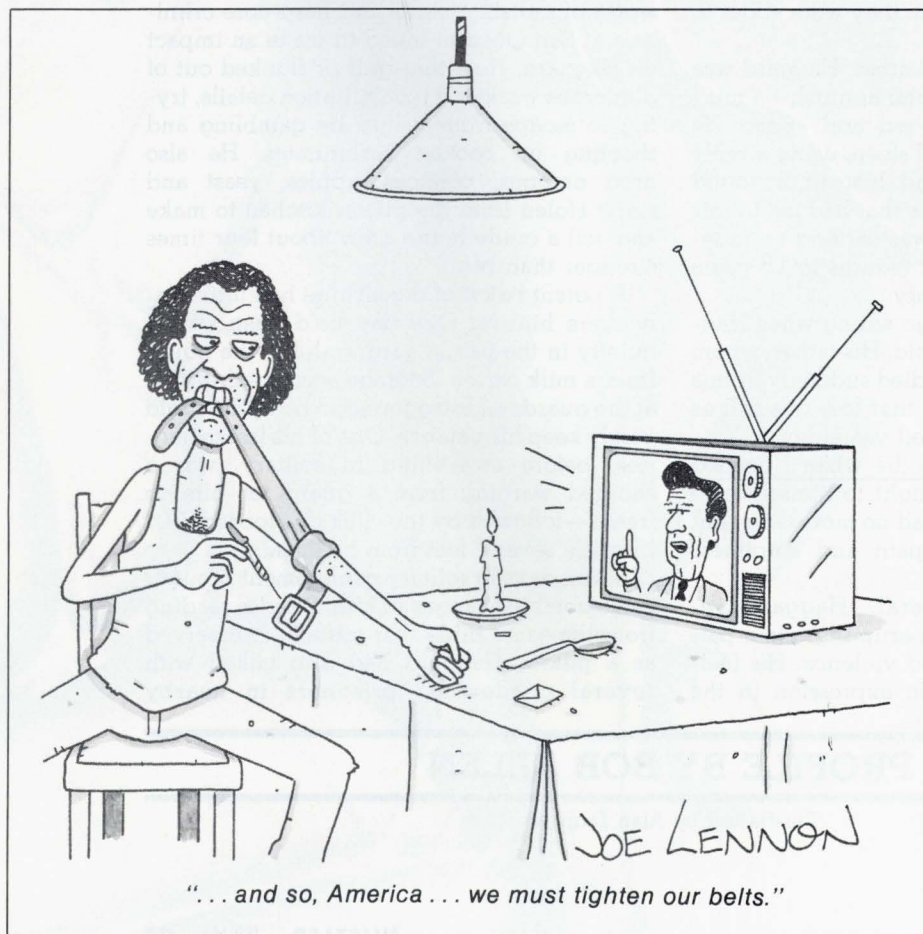
Critics and fellow musicians predict that Haggard's unique talents as a singer, songwriter and vocalist will eventually win him a place in popular-music history. "When we talk about Merle Haggard," his friend and fellow songwriter Kris Kristofferson once observed, "we're not talking about how he's going to come out in this year's Country Music Awards. We're talking about posterity."

Yet for all his success, the feeling of dislocation Haggard first knew as a child has never subsided. At times he wonders out loud whether celebrity status is a blessing or a curse. Frequently, he finds the demands of stardom as difficult to contend with as the burden of failure and anonymity.

"Fame tore my ass up," he admits. "You give up a lot of your pride and many of your rights as a human being to satisfy the people who buy your records. I really don't like the part of being recognized wherever I happen to be. Sometimes I consider getting out of this business—until I realize I have nowhere else to go."

Haggard first turned to music as a means of escape from his troubled past. Yet even today his songs resound with the same sense of turmoil and unrest from which he's never quite escaped. He has emerged in the early 1980s as a survivor who still bears the scars of his numerous personal ordeals—his years in prison, his three stormy marriages and his periodic addictions to gambling, booze and wild times.

He is a complex, thoughtful man who





"Uh... where do you stand on bestiality?"

still hides his sensitivity behind the wary, hard-eyed exterior of the ex-con. Yet in his lifetime search for contentment, Haggard has often openly invited confusion and chaos into his life.

"I have to admit there is a part of me that seems to gravitate toward trouble," he says. "If I had the nerve, I'd probably be happier as a criminal. Jesses James is at the top of my list of heroes."

Around 11 a.m. on the morning after the Brownwood concert, Haggard's bus pulled out of the Holiday Inn parking lot onto a rutted asphalt highway. Moving north under gray skies, the converted Greyhound Crusader II passed over dried arroyos littered with old tires and beer cans. Then came the familiar vista of Central Texas' vast plains dotted with scrub oaks, windmills, weather-beaten barns, forlorn cattle and slowly pumping oil derricks.

Haggard and his backup band, The Strangers, were 30 days into a grueling personal-appearance tour. His wife, singer Leona Williams, was also on hand for the month's worth of hangovers, bouts with the flu, bologna sandwiches and greasy motel food, flat tires and endless hours on the road.

Some of the boys in the band had been partying in the Holiday Inn until well after 4 a.m. Before turning in early,

Haggard had gulped down several slugs of whiskey while listening to the hilarious story of how his musical hero—Bob Wills, the King of Western Swing—was nearly strangled with a coat hanger by one of his drunken musicians.

Haggard chased each shot of whiskey with a long pull from a plastic jug full of a bitter-tasting laxative brewed from cayenne peppers, lemon juice, pure maple syrup and vitamin C. He had been introduced to this health potion by his friend Willie Nelson. And like Nelson, he now used it regularly, hoping to ward off physical damage inflicted on his body by cigarettes, junk food and the ravages of time.

Around noon, as the bus sped toward Lubbock, Haggard finally emerged from the vehicle's rear sleeping compartment. He carried a styrofoam cup of black coffee, and a freshly lighted Camel dangled from his lips.

"After bein' out on the road for a month, it starts to feel like you've been here forever," he wearily observed, gazing toward the horizon where the Texas flatlands met somber overcast skies. "Damn! When I said I wanted to be a country singer, I didn't mean for a hundred years! I didn't mean life without parole!"

The distance Haggard has traveled on the rocky road to stardom is something

that a man could never measure in years and miles alone. When he recalls his erratic past, it often sounds as if he is trying to fit together a jigsaw puzzle missing some key pieces. "There was a helluva lot of fast livin' all along the way," he admits. "In fact, some of it was so fast, it seems kinda foggy now when I try and remember it."

Haggard's parents first came west in 1934 from the small eastern Oklahoma town of Checotah. His father, James Haggard, was a farmer and hunter whose forebearers included a number of gifted amateur musicians. Through their industriousness the Haggards managed to weather the Great Depression—only to have their life's work undone by a series of Dust Bowl droughts and a fire that destroyed their barn and most of their livestock.

They were living in Oildale, California—a suburb of Bakersfield—when Merle was born in an old railroad refrigerator car that had been converted into a house. His father was then employed as a carpenter for the Santa Fe Railway. His mother, Flossie, a God-fearing and fiercely devout member of the Church of Christ, had found work as a bookkeeper.

But the family's modest, comfortable life ended abruptly with the death of James Haggard in 1946. And the serenity that Merle had known as a child quickly faded into a harsher reality.

"It was terribly lonely at home without my father," Haggard recalls. "I always seemed to be in my mother's hair, and it got to where I just couldn't hack it anymore. I just had to leave."

Haggard struck out on his own at age 12, hopping a freight train and making the first of many journeys through rough-and-tumble hobo jungles and labor camps far removed from the strict confines of his early home life. Yet he felt totally at ease, tasting a sense of freedom he'd never known before—and has seldom known since.

"It's still exciting to think about those days," he says. "I've sometimes considered taking all my money and credit cards and identification out of my pockets, not telling anybody, and catching a freight to see if I could do it again."

Haggard's wanderlust also precipitated his first brushes with the law. His earliest run-ins were for chronic truancy. As time passed, his offenses grew more serious. At age 14, after numerous reprimands for fighting and petty larceny, he was confined to the Fred C. Nelles School for Boys, a juvenile home in Whittier, California. A day after his arrival he made the first of his seven escapes from this and other institutions.

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Ingrid & Regina **STEAMED UP**



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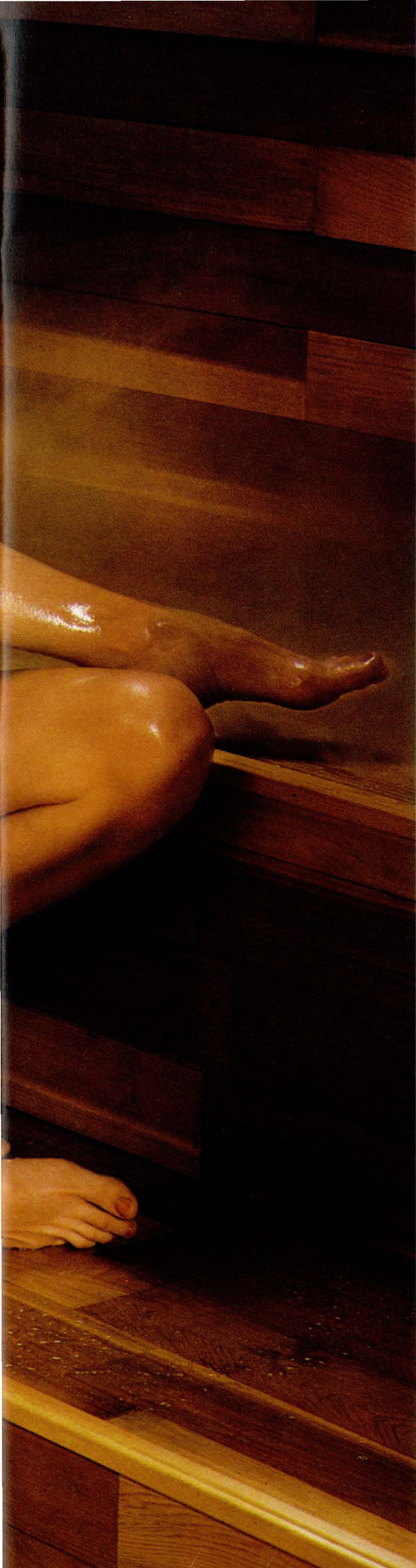






Regina wasn't surprised when Ingrid suggested they try a sauna bath in the nude. After all, they had enjoyed doing things together since childhood. Almost immediately, the sweltering-hot temperature made their golden skin glisten with sweat. As Ingrid's long legs edged closer and closer to her, Regina soon sensed that her longtime companion was in the mood for something naughty. When Ingrid's erect nipple brushed against her, Regina could no longer control herself, for she wanted some fun too. They needed no further hints as their bodies locked into a slippery embrace. The intense heat only added to the erotic surroundings, pushing them to the point of no return. The steam gently wrapped Regina and Ingrid in a white blanket as they reached unforgettable orgasms.













PROFILE: MERLE HAGGARD

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But he was quickly captured and hauled back.

"They were very brutal in some of those places," he says with obvious bitterness. "They knocked us around and whipped our asses, lots of times in a sadistic manner. This didn't help my outlook on authority at all. Fact is, I think that's probably the reason I got worse."

Haggard was arrested repeatedly during the next few years. He began running with hardened criminals, and occasionally carried a pistol or a switchblade. His rap sheet soon included such charges as assault, auto theft, suspicion of armed robbery, and writing bad checks.

Haggard's most wanton act, however, went undetected. Attempting to rob a semi-retarded boy, he and a friend beat him to a bloody pulp and broke his jaw. But in their violent frenzy, they forgot to take the helpless victim's money.

"That was the sickest, most degrading thing I ever did," Haggard remorsefully recalls.

"Merle just got in with the wrong crowd," says his mother, Flossie, who is now 81. "Not having his father or me around had a lot to do with it too. I had

to work when he was small, and I wasn't with him as much as I wanted to be."

But Haggard never attributed his sadistic streak to anyone but himself. "I can't even blame it on whiskey, drugs or hunger," he says. "I was just plain mean. Hell, I actually enjoyed bein' a criminal, took a certain pride in it. It was exciting and made me feel alive."

Haggard held dozens of short-lived "straight jobs" in between stretches at various correctional facilities. He worked in the oil fields; picked grapes, lettuce and cotton with migrant crews; pitched hay; drove trucks; and sacked potatoes. By his mid-teens he'd also developed into an accomplished singer and guitar player.

Haggard was ten years old the first time he picked up a guitar, a battered Gibson brought home by his older brother. Soon he was displaying signs of the musical ability that had run in his family for generations, going back to his champion fiddle-playing grandfather. Young Merle became the star attraction at "beer-can hill," a local vacant lot, strumming a few simple chords and singing tunes immortalized by Bob Wills, Lefty Frizzel and Hank Williams.

Sometimes he'd lie about his age to get \$2-a-night jobs performing in low-rent Bakersfield saloons—notably The Lucky Spot, High-Pockets and Paul's

Cocktail Lounge. He overcame early bouts of stage fright by fortifying himself with fifths of whiskey and hearty whiffs from Dramamine inhalers.

Haggard was 19 when he married his first wife, Leona, in 1956. To commemorate the event, he had the feisty part-Indian's name tattooed on his right arm. Their relationship was memorable.

"We really only had one serious fight," he explains. "It started the day I met her and ended nine years, four kids and countless external and internal scars later."

To bolster his meager income, Haggard periodically resorted to impulsive, poorly planned burglaries. One successful safecracking job netted him \$500 and a check-writing machine. Just a few weeks later, on a Saturday night in 1957, he was not so fortunate.

"We [Haggard, Leona and some companions] was drunk on wine," he explains. "That's the worst drunk you can get on. Gee, I used to go crazy, forget my morals and everything. We decided we were gonna rob this bar, and we were so out of it, we didn't even bother to see what time it was."

Haggard and his friends thought it was 3 a.m., but actually it was only a little after 11. In the midst of noisily prying the bar's back door off its hinges, they realized the place was still open. The sound of a police siren sent Haggard running, but he didn't get far. When cops searched his car, they found the check machine stolen in the earlier break-in. The next stop for Haggard was San Quentin.

To say the least, Haggard's 33-month stay was a sobering experience. He was genuinely saddened by seeing several men he'd come to know being led away to the gas chamber, and witnessing a close acquaintance stabbed to death in a fight.

After being released from solitary, Haggard focused his energies on finding a way out—just as he'd promised himself he would. He took a sweaty, back-breaking job in the prison textile mill, earned his high-school equivalency diploma, played and sang in the warden's band, and distinguished himself as a model inmate.

"I'm not sure it works that way very often, but I'm the one guy the prison system straightened out," he says softly. "I wouldn't trade the experience. I know damn well I'm a better man because of it."

* * *

Haggard left San Quentin in early 1960 with a beat-up guitar, ill-fitting clothes and shoes, and a few dollars to his name. When Leona failed to meet

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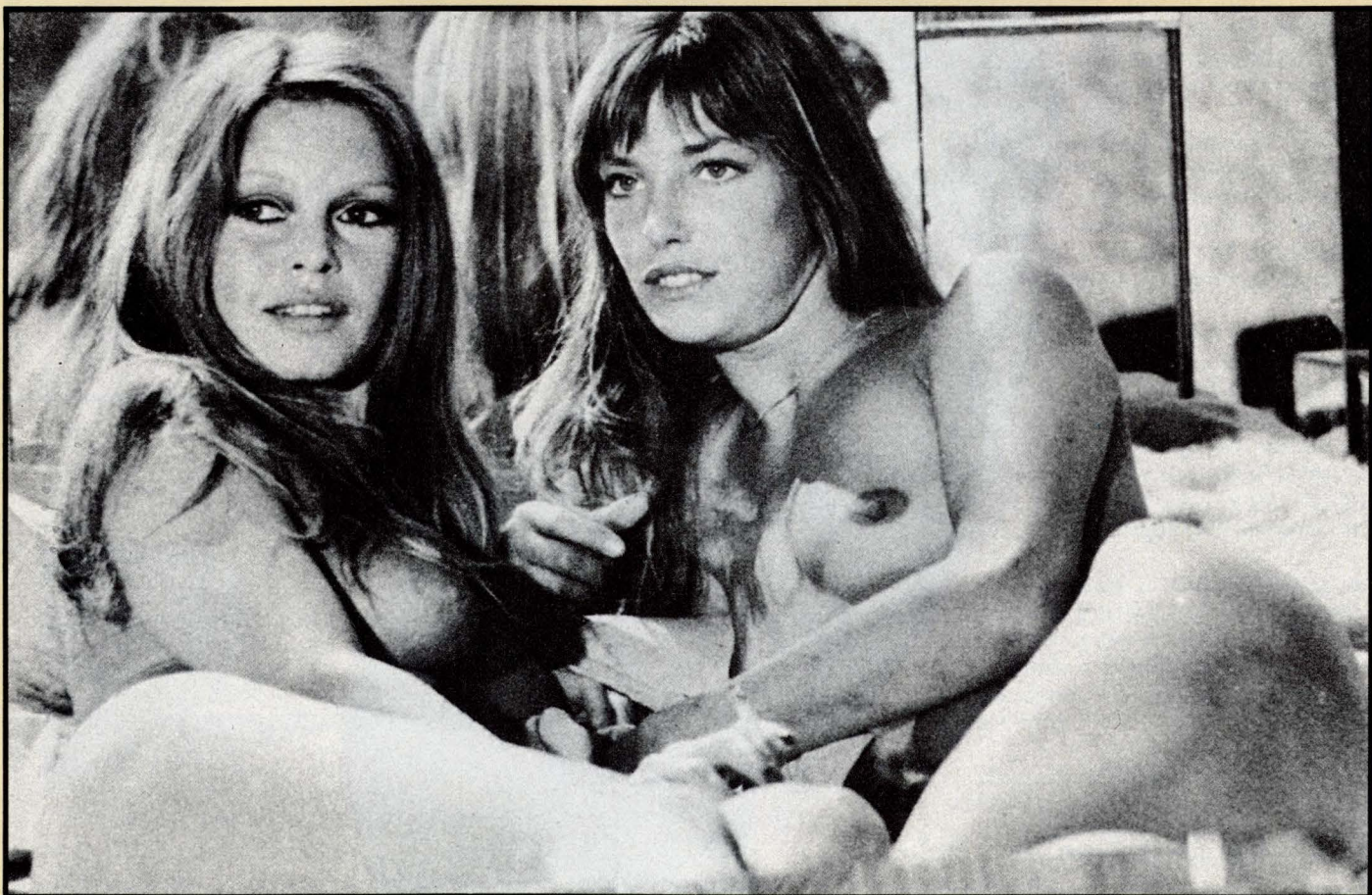
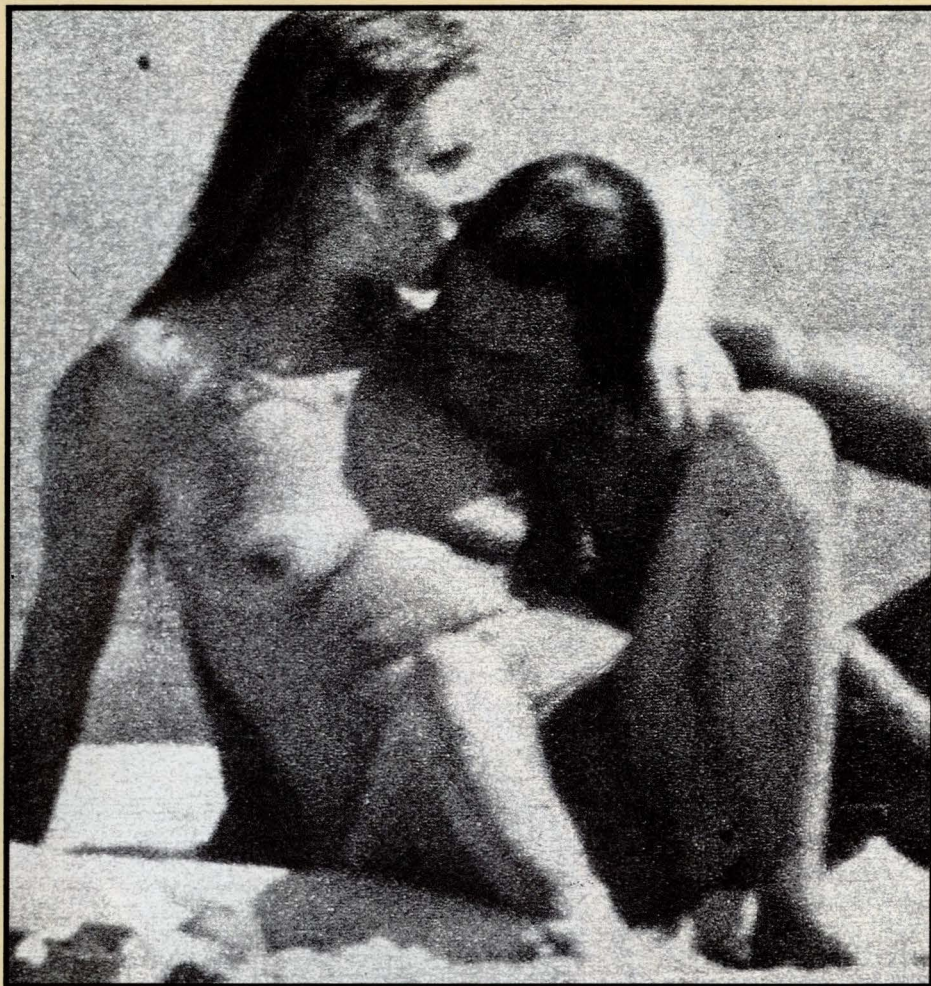


"Excuse me, miss. How much for a blow... whoops, never mind. I just came in my pants."

Brigitte Bardot



"I wish I had invented sex. Sex is No. 1."
—Brigitte Bardot



If Bardot is disappointed because she didn't invent sex, she should at least be happy to have been so deeply involved in the ad campaign. No living actress anywhere in the world is more deserving of the term "sex symbol." And only HUSTLER could bring you this extensive collection of rare photographs showing France's love goddess stripped of the towel she so often used to tease her cinema audience.

Dropping out of school at 15 to do a racy fashion pictorial for the French magazine *Elle*, Bardot learned early about the power of her sensuality. But it took producer Roger Vadim to turn her childlike presence and fully developed woman's body into stardom. Billing her as the "unattainable dream of every married man," Vadim boosted the actress to fame in his 1956 film *And God Created Woman*. His continued media push of her sex-kitten image limited the top French film star to the role of wanton woman. (As husband and wife, Vadim and Bardot held press conferences from their bed long before John Lennon and Yoko Ono.) Still, Bardot's durability as the willing object of male lust has helped her arouse film fans worldwide for almost three decades.



PROFILE: MERLE HAGGARD

(continued from page 50)

him at the prison gate, as she'd promised, he spent all of his money on a bus ticket to Bakersfield and a half-pint of Smirnoff vodka.

Back home again, he landed an \$80-a-week day job as a ditchdigger and electrician's helper. At night he played and sang in rough-and-tumble places like Tex's Barrelhouse and The Blackboard, known as the "fightin' bars." In between, he and Leona resumed their shaky relationship. But now Haggard was concentrating more on his music than his wife.

Within several months he had moved on from headlining in Bakersfield's better clubs to working as a \$225-a-week opening act at Las Vegas' Nashville Nevada Club. Soon he signed a recording contract with an obscure local label, Talley Records.

Haggard's first two single releases went virtually unnoticed. But his third, "All My Friends Are Going to Be Strangers," sold thousands of copies and shot up into the national Top Ten. Capitol Records, a company that had rejected Haggard twice previously, came calling with a contract offer. Almost overnight, the small-time ex-con from Oildale was in demand.

Subsequent Vegas bookings proved to be his downfall. Almost as if he were making up for the lean years in prison, Haggard plunged feetfirst into all the wild temptations the "City Without Clocks" had to offer.

"I was young and horny," he laughs. "There seemed to be great-lookin' broads everywhere I looked."

The blackjack tables, however, held an even greater fascination. Haggard estimates he gambled away more than a million dollars between 1965 and 1975.

"Gamblin' has always intrigued me," he admits. "When I was 14 or 15, workin' in the potato sheds around Bakersfield, there was always a big dice game goin' on at lunchtime. I lost my whole paycheck a lot of times, without havin' any idea at all that, in reality, I was gettin' beat out of it. But I really learned to gamble in jail."

Haggard stalked the gaming tables at Vegas' Golden Nugget and Horseshoe Club with similar relentlessness. Eventually he lost everything he'd saved—along with all of his rent money, grocery money and title to the first car he ever owned, a 1962 Oldsmobile. Dejectedly, he wired home for a bus ticket back to Bakersfield.

Dwindling income and the added responsibility of a fourth child did little to improve his relationship with Leona.

During an especially heated argument she scared the shit out of Haggard by jumping from their speeding car while he was driving. One long, wet night in a local bar, Leona accused a stranger of putting his hand up her dress, and she and Haggard took turns beating the man into unconsciousness. Afterward, the incident reminded Haggard of his sordid past and sickened him.

Following their last separation, Haggard tracked Leona down at her mother's house, where she had taken up with a new boyfriend—a huge Indian. The enraged Haggard went for her throat and held her in a death grip until she began turning blue.

"I didn't kill her," recalls Haggard, who was eventually pulled loose by his friend Fuzzy Owen. "But I killed every feelin' I ever had for her. The only thing left was the damn tattoo on my arm that said, 'Leona.'"

Haggard's domestic affairs took a calmer turn when he took a second wife—Bonnie Owens, the former mate of country singer Buck Owens. During their 11-year marriage his career flourished. By 1970 several of his records had topped the million-sales mark, and nearly all of them routinely made it to the number-one spot in *Billboard* and *Cashbox* surveys. That year, he received the Country Music Association's highest honor—a gleaming trophy naming him "Entertainer of the Year."

But as his popularity continued to rise, so did his zest for the bright lights, wild times and gaming tables. On his numerous trips to Las Vegas and Reno during this period it was not unusual for Haggard to lose as much as \$100,000 at a single sitting.

"A lot of people won't believe this, but there was a time there, toward the end of the 'big party,' that I only slept 20 minutes in nine days," he says. "We had a limousine and just went back and forth between the Harrah's clubs in Tahoe and Vegas. We took everything that was available to stay awake. You could buy pretty good speed on the street. Some pretty good pharmaceutical stuff was also readily available. And I could always hold a lot of whiskey."

By the mid-1970s, however, the "big party" was beginning to wind down for Haggard. His record sales were dwindling. Gambling had left his finances in a state of disarray. And his personal life, once again, was full of confusion.

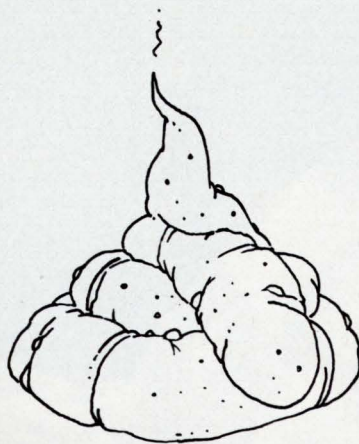
"The fire just went out of our love affair," he recalled after divorcing Bonnie in 1976.

"There was a time, probably about the first three years we were married, that I was number one in Merle's life,"

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BEFORE



AFTER

DWAINETINSLEY

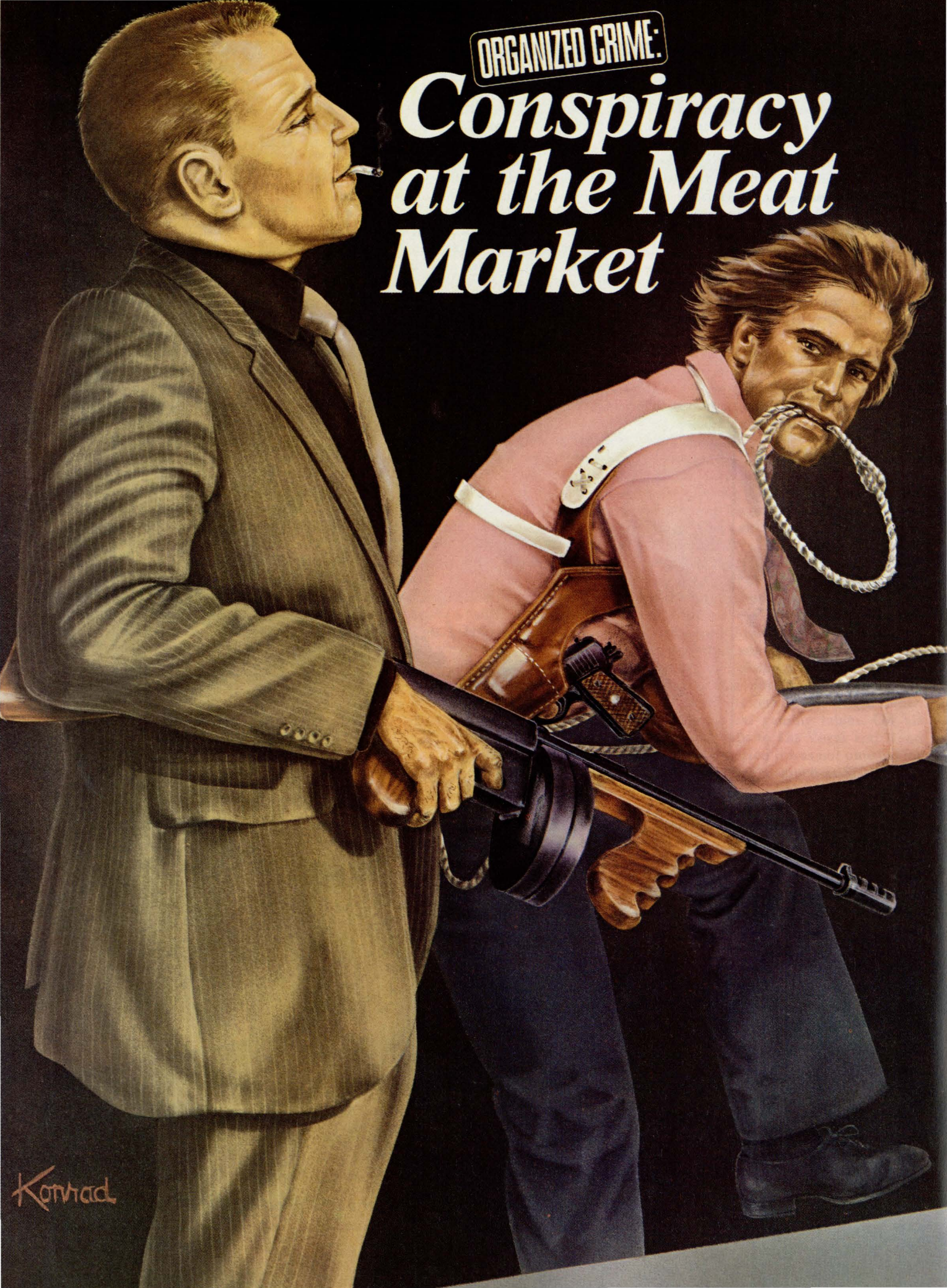
Bill Mather



"Gee, to think I was nervous about asking you for a kiss good-night!"

ORGANIZED CRIME:

Conspiracy at the Meat Market



Konrad



It was shortly after 2 a.m. on a hot, muggy night in New York City when Jim Youngblood stopped his 18-wheel rig at a traffic signal on the desolate Hudson River waterfront. The Nebraska cowboy-turned-trucker was only minutes away from the final destination of his 2,000-mile journey: the wholesale market where more than one-fifth of all the meat produced in America changes hands. One block to the north, seated in a battered Pontiac Bonneville convertible, three armed men waited patiently in the shadows adjacent to the next traffic signal. They knew that the truck was carrying 19 tons of prime tenderloin—\$114,000 worth of beef that could soon be theirs. Less than a minute later, spotting the huge diesel in the car's rear-view mirror, the three hijackers instinctively put stocking masks over their faces. The rig pulled alongside the Pontiac just as the light turned red. Quickly one of them jumped up in- to the cab, pointing a revolver at Youngblood's head.

The blind-

REPORT BY STEVE GOVONI

folded trucker was driven around the city for the next four hours before being released unharmed in a remote area. By the time police learned about the hijacking, Youngblood's valuable cargo had been unloaded at an unknown packing plant. And by the end of the day the stolen meat was butchered and distributed to scores of legitimate retail outlets that had no idea where it came from.

This classic underworld heist stands out as one of the more-obvious examples of organized crime's significant inroads into the \$55-billion-a-year meat industry. While the Mob is traditionally thought of as being involved in gambling, loansharking, drugs, prostitution and pornography, the volume of its cash transactions in meat is second only to illegal betting.

The Mob's meat-industry involvement includes labor racketeering, bribery, extortion, bankruptcy fraud and loansharking. Often such corruption results in substandard meat being sold as more-expensive cuts: rib steaks deliberately mislabeled as T-bone, and beef hearts and other cheaper parts masquerading as ground round or ground chuck. Inevitably, it is the average consumer who is victimized.

Nobody knows exactly how much of the meat business is Mob-controlled. But in the New York Metropolitan Area

alone organized crime has been blamed for inflating the retail prices of fresh meat in supermarkets by as much as 15%.

"Because of corruption and illegal practice," says consumer attorney George Schultz, "there is no doubt in my mind that every time a housewife buys a Porterhouse steak, she is paying 15%-20% more than she should."

The Mob's preoccupation with beef on the hoof started back in the late 1930s, when associates of Al Capone formed what would eventually grow into the biggest local in the 500,000-member butchers' union. Meanwhile, other independent mobsters were striking fear into competing companies by setting up their own wholesale and retail outlets. "Organized crime got into the meat business by manipulating the key butchers' unions," explains veteran investigator Robert Nicholson.

Since then, even Iowa Beef Processors—the General Motors of meat packers—has paid exorbitant fees to a Mob-connected broker in order to sell its fresh meat and avoid strikes and other labor strife. At the same time, supermarkets and independent wholesalers have been forced to buy processed meat from Mob-controlled companies.

Nicholson and his partner, Lou Montello, spent 11 frustrating years with the

New York District Attorney's office trying to break the Mob's meat-industry encroachments. But after numerous indictments and convictions the gangsters did not pack up their guns and go elsewhere. Instead, like a deadly cancer, their presence dramatically expanded.

Why have so many companies knuckled under to Mob extortionists for all these years? As one industry observer puts it, "Paying the crooks is far safer than going through police channels." Indeed, it's a lot easier to pass the costs of corruption on to John Q. Public than to risk losing major customers or winding up on the wrong end of a meat hook.

"Organized crime is heavily involved in the meat industry, and it'll stay involved until it's no longer profitable," a New York City police lieutenant confirms.

Adds a former FBI agent from Los Angeles: "The Mob will do whatever it has to do to gain an edge in the marketplace, even if it means adding illegal chemicals to sausage to make it look fresher."

The fact that the Mob usually gets away with such disreputable practices is a sorry commentary on law enforcement. Even if meat crooks are caught, the courts rarely come down hard on them.

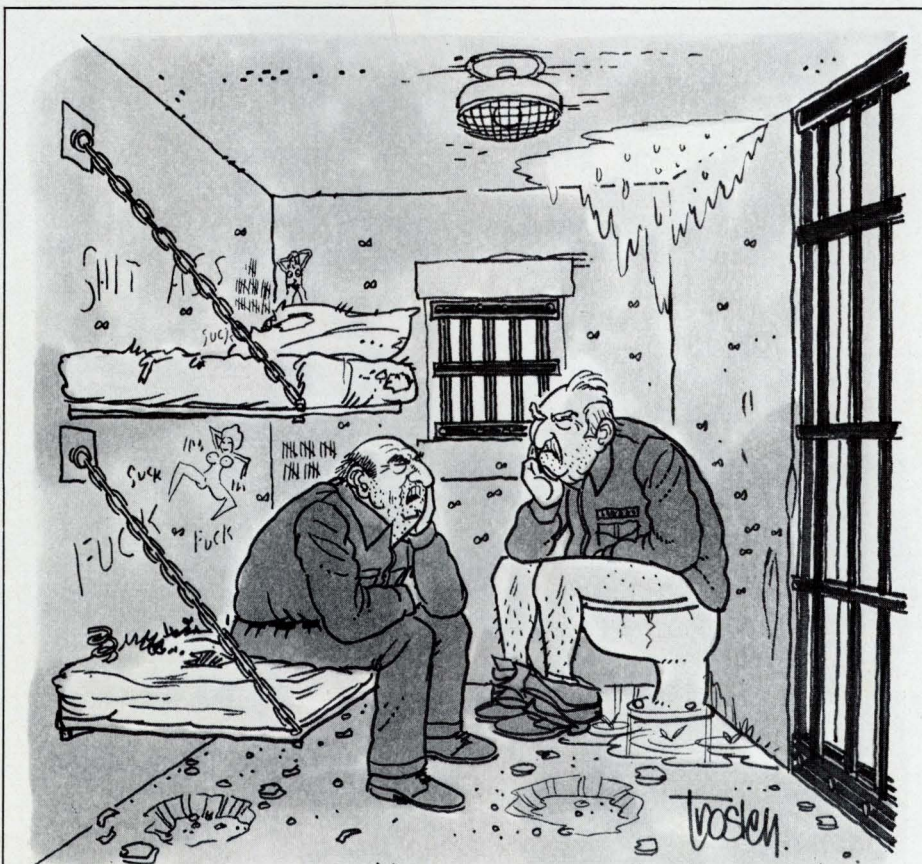
Take the case of Louis DiMauro, the 54-year-old former manager of a meat-packing firm in Passaic, New Jersey. In 1976 DiMauro admitted paying off U.S. Department of Agriculture inspectors, and was later fined \$1,000. Two years ago he pleaded guilty to mail fraud in connection with charges he sold more than \$750,000 of stolen meat to another New Jersey meat dealer and pocketed the proceeds.

Despite this second conviction, DiMauro received only a five-year suspended sentence. He never spent a day in jail. "We're fighting a losing battle," says one New York lawman. "We can't convince judges that these hoods are bad guys."

"Things today aren't that different from the way they were in *The Jungle*," says attorney George Schultz, who successfully fought meat-industry abuses in Los Angeles and Chicago. Upton Sinclair's graphic 1906 novel detailed corruption and unsanitary conditions in turn-of-the-century Chicago stockyards.

"There would be hams found spoiled, some of them with an odor so bad that a man could hardly bear to be in a room with them," Sinclair wrote. "There would be meat stored in great piles in rooms; the water from leaky roofs would drip over it, and thousands of rats would race about on it."

The book aroused great public indignation and led to the revamping of federal food-inspection laws. Yet if he were



"Imagine. When we were in Congress, we voted against prison reform."



"I'll teach you Christianity, my son, if you'll teach me how to grow a pecker like that."

alive today, Sinclair would find ample material for a sequel.

Federal inspectors are routinely bribed by mobsters to overlook tainted meat that eventually winds up in chemically treated frankfurters, sausage and bologna. Since 1974, 40% of the USDA's meat graders in Southern California and almost 25% of New York City's meat inspectors have been nailed on bribery charges—illegally accepting cash and large shanks of meat as gifts.

Not only is steak impossibly expensive for the average wage-earner, but he can no longer be certain how healthy the meat really is. Some inspectors will even let a company sell meat from animals with cancer. The packer just cuts out what he thinks are the cancerous parts and then sells the rest of the carcass. The unwitting consumer is fortunate if all tumors have been eliminated.

Until two years ago cattle ranches and feedlots commonly used DES, a female hormone that causes steers to gain weight. When the Food and Drug Administration discovered that DES causes cancer, the drug was banned. The ban, however, was widely ignored. On-site FDA inspections nabbed 51 distributors and 424 cattle feeders that kept right on giving their cows DES.

Even if meat is healthy, chances are it won't get delivered without the Mob in-

tervening. Sides of beef rot on trucks unless drivers pay a "lumper" some sort of "protection" bribe. Lumpers are tough guys who hang around busy wholesale terminals or supermarket warehouses. A driver has to pay cash to a lumper if he doesn't want to wait all day to get his truck unloaded. If a driver refuses, he may get 18 tires slashed—a crude warning that he'd better do business the lumper way.

Joe David Martin, a retired trucker from Seattle, Washington, recalled a run-in with three lumpers at the Safeway Stores' warehouse in Richmond, California. When Martin ordered the men off his truck, they beat him.

"Afterward one of them threatened to kill me if I called the cops," he told HUSTLER. "I didn't know which way to turn. I was scared for my life because these guys allegedly *have* killed people."

Although Martin mustered the courage to call the police, only one lumper was caught. His sentence simply was to pay Martin's hospital bills—a small price considering the sizable, untaxed profits of the typical lumper.

"As a rule, none of the money from this type of extortion is ever reported to the Internal Revenue Service," asserts a Congressional investigator. "Some lumpers who force drivers to pay \$100 to \$150 to unload a truck are making

between \$70,000 and \$90,000 a year."

Much as it does in other legitimate businesses, the real Mob influence centers on the meat industry's labor unions. Obviously, the mildest threat of a strike could starve thousands of wholesalers. Many meat businesses soon discover that it's easier to pay off a key official in a Mob-infiltrated union than risk a work stoppage.

If an executive doesn't go along with the "accepted" system of bribes and kickbacks—called "paying tribute"—he risks being squeezed out of business by a wildcat strike or a boycott. Hundreds of supermarket buyers therefore agree to be overcharged by their suppliers, and when their employers pay those bills, suppliers refund a portion of the overcharge to the buyers. Some buyers, according to investigators, then give a part of their cut to key union officials—or to the mobster who got them their jobs.

"The industry as a whole enters into all these manipulations merely to keep labor peace so they can continue operating," reports investigator Robert Nicholson.

What happened to Iowa Beef Processors is a classic example. IBP is now the nation's largest meat-packing firm, and law-enforcement officials readily acknowledge it never would have achieved that status if it hadn't done business in the early 1970s with a sleazy Mob front man named Moe Steinman.

With the backing of several Mafia families, Steinman had previously cornered the corned-beef market in the Northeast. His ties to the unions were so powerful that he was able to keep all corned-beef manufacturers from supplying supermarkets directly. They had to go through Steinman, who as a middleman would then sell the corned beef to supermarkets at inflated prices.

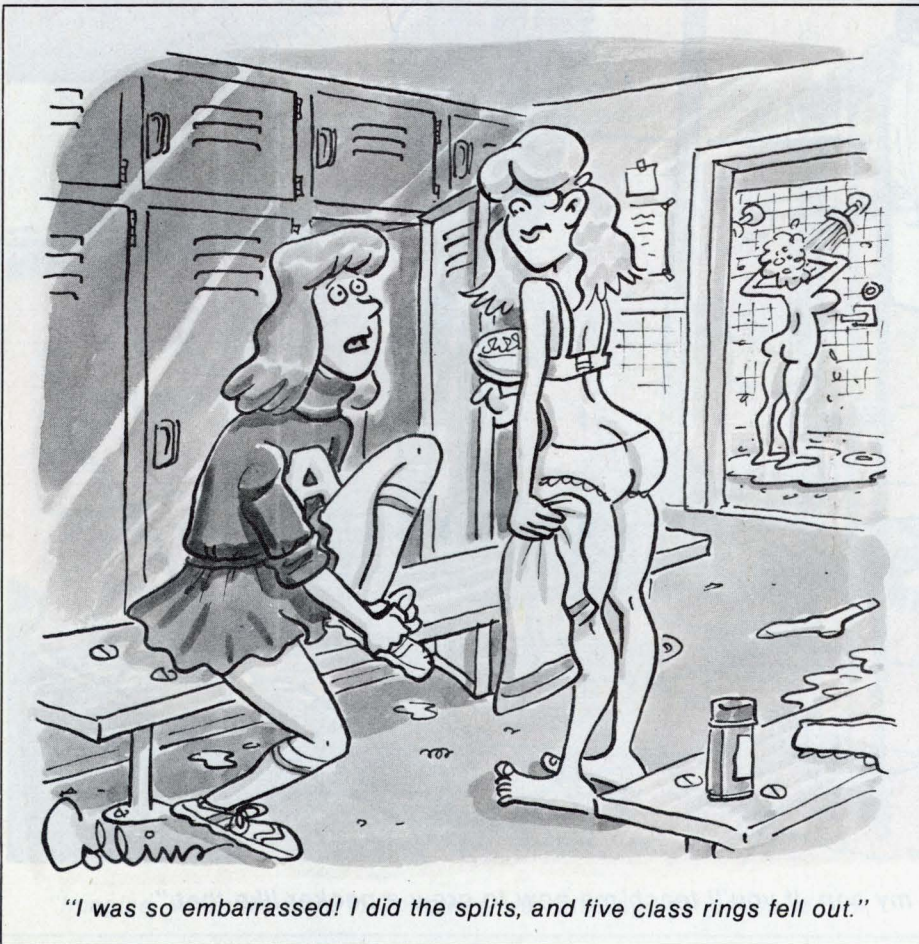
Among Steinman's reported associates was gangster Paul Castellano. Police sources say he now runs the New York crime family formerly headed by the late Carlo Gambino. Castellano's involvement in the wholesale and retail meat industry dates back to the 1930s.

The Castellano family's business reputation is best summarized by the *Wall Street Journal's* Jonathan Kwitny in his book *Vicious Circles*:

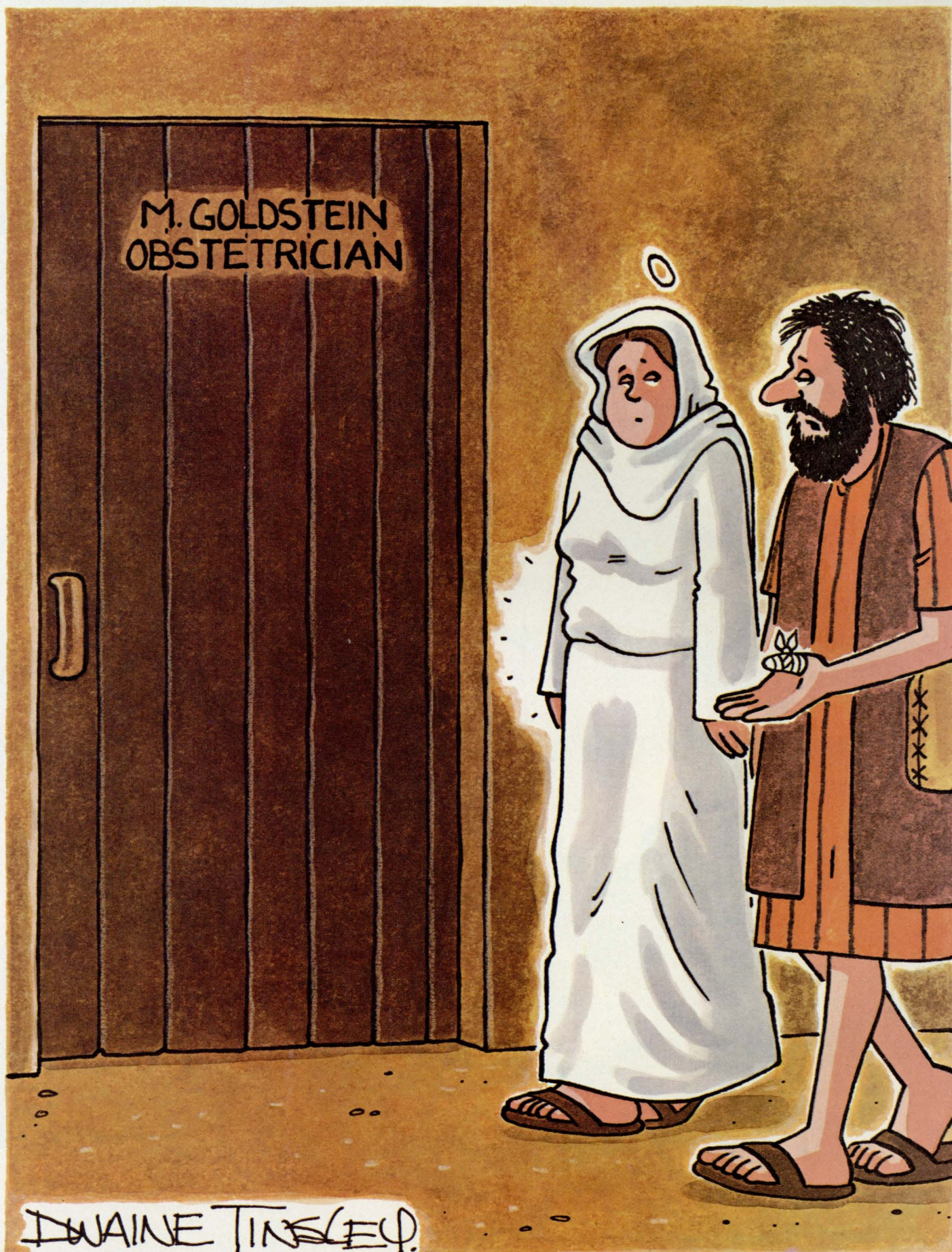
"They have a long record of welshing on debts; of suffering suspicious hijackings, which can lead to insurance claims; of selling goods that were later found to have been stolen off docks or trucks and of cheating other firms by receiving the assets of companies about to go into bankruptcy proceedings."

With powerful friends like Castellano, Steinman was in a perfect position to

(continued on page 126)




"I was so embarrassed! I did the splits, and five class rings fell out."



"Of course I'm suspicious, Mary. You think you're pregnant, and all I know is—I ain't been gettin' no-o-o pussy!"

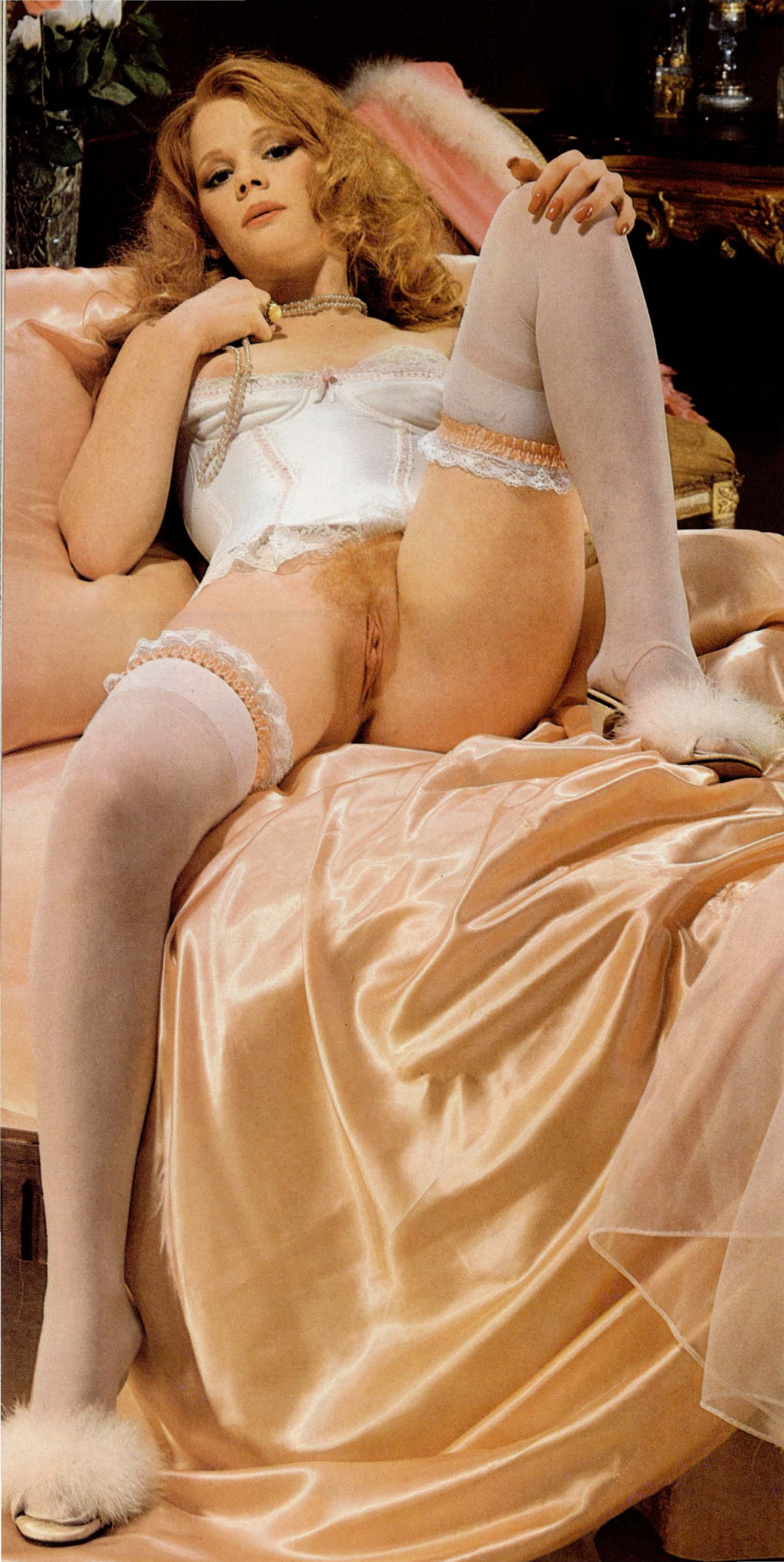


Photography by Matti Klatt



SCRATCH
'N' SNIFF

LYNN
Love Scent





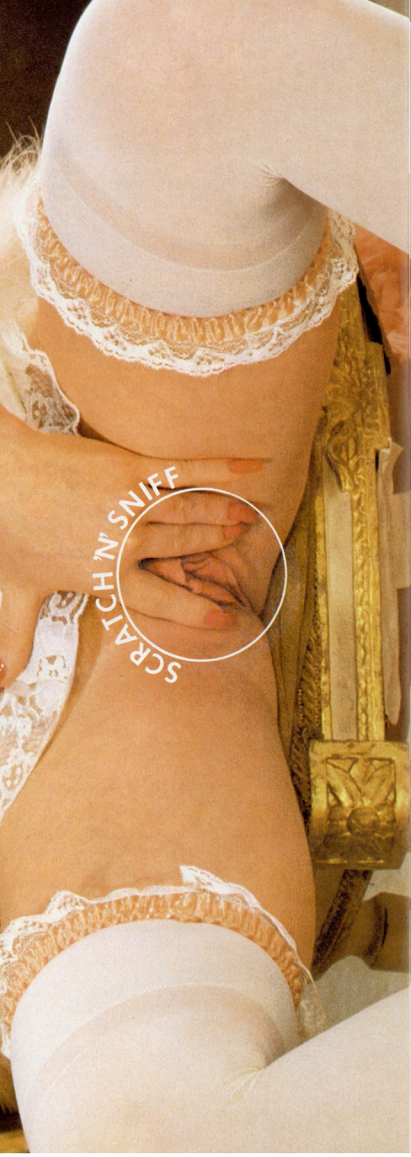
I love it when a man buries his nose down there," admits Lynn, "because I know I smell great!" With confidence like this, HUSTLER knew it found the perfect girl for the Scratch 'n' Sniff Centerfold. The response to last month's photos of Lynn (*Made in Heaven*) was fantastic; so it wasn't hard to choose her again for her natural beauty... and natural aroma. Brushing away her strawberry-blond hair, she comments, "Now when I say guys like to give me nose before they give me head, they'll believe me." Of course, we don't recommend you poke your nose in other people's business—unless it's between Lynn's legs!







SCRATCH'N' SNIFF
HUSTLER'S HONEY · JULY 1982





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A young woman lost her nose in an automobile accident and was rushed to the hospital for a transplant. The only organ the surgeons had in storage was a penis; so they cut off the tip and sewed it to the woman's face.

Several days later the doctors called on the patient. "Any problems?" one of them asked.

"I'm having a strange side effect," she complained. "Like what?"

"Well," the woman replied, "every time I pull my panties down to take a piss, my nose flips up and knocks my wig off."

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines *Klondike* as: an Alaskan lesbian.

The side show at the sleazy carnival had begun. A man with an alligator stood in a sawdust-covered ring, dropped his leotard and stretched out his dick. He smacked the old alligator on the head with a baseball bat, and the gator slowly opened its mouth. The man then stepped forward and stuck his cock in the reptile's mouth. Another clout with the bat, and the alligator eased its mouth around the guy's prick. The small crowd gasped. Two more smacks with the bat, and the creature opened its mouth.

"Is there anyone in the audience willing to try this daring feat?!" the carnival man bellowed.

A swishy fellow raised his hand and cried, "I'd love to if you promith not to hit me over the head too hard!"

After spending a passionate night with a young prostitute, the congressman was surprised by her small price. "You fuck like an angel, my dear," he said. "How do you manage to survive on such low fees?"

"Oh, it all balances out," said the smiling hooker. "I do a little blackmailing on the side."

Question: What does a Polack say before picking his nose?
Answer: Grace.

Little Calvin was in the alley next to his tenement house and took out his 11-inch pecker to take a piss. "Calvin, get in here, you little motherfucker!" his mother yelled from the porch.

"I ain't no motherfucker!" the boy shouted back.

Eyeing Calvin's hefty cock, the woman said, "You ain't in the house yet, is you?"

The long-haul trucker picked up a cute little hitchhiker, and they chatted while rolling across Oklahoma. "I been a trucker for 17 years," the driver drawled. "Usually spend ten to 12 hours a day behind the wheel."

"Gosh, that must get tiring," the pretty young thing exclaimed.

"It's not too bad, really," the fellow said. "'Course, there are drawbacks."

Later he stopped for the night and sweet-talked the hitchhiker into the back of his truck. Thrashing about, they found themselves in the 69 position. After the trucker chowed down on the girl's sweet pussy for a while, she said, "I like sucking your cock, Al. It's nice and long, but how come it don't get hard?"

"Because, darlin'," the fellow sighed, "that's my hemorrhoid you been suckin'. It's one of them drawbacks I told you about."

Question: How does the Moral Majority spell the word *Justice*?
Answer: Just Us!

A guy phoned a brothel and asked the madam to send over a skinny girl. "Well, we have many thin, beautiful girls, sir."

"No, listen," the man continued. "I said I want a *skinny* girl."

"Okay, sir, I think we can serve you."

In a few hours a lanky, rail-thin gal rang the man's doorbell.

"What's your pleasure, mister?" she cooed seductively after he paid her.

"Take off your clothes and get down on your hands and knees."

"I like it this way," the hooker chirped.

Just then the man whistled and clapped his hands. "Here, Champ, here boy!"

When a large dog loped into the room, the naked girl on the floor shouted, "Hey, buddy, I'm not into that shit!"

"Take it easy," the man said, turning to the dog. "Hey, Champ, that's what you'll look like if you don't eat your Alpo!"

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines *confidence* as: a man who comes home at 3 a.m. drunk and smelling of perfume, then slaps his wife on the ass and says, "You're next!"

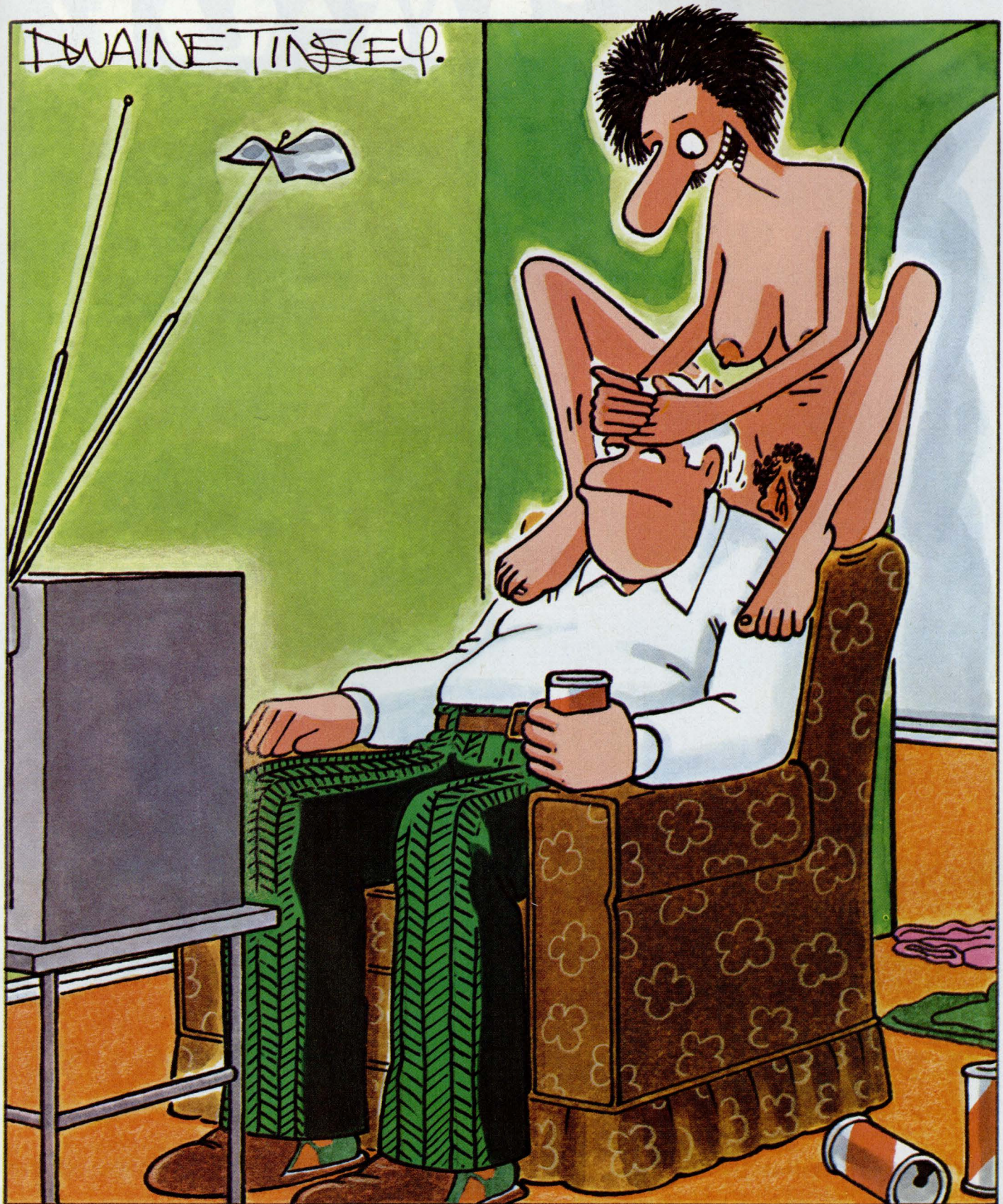
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HUSTLER HUMOR



...and if you think
that's funny...

CHESTER & HESTER



"How about a little snack during commercial time, Thunder Tongue?!"

The Kennedy



We have proof," the voice on the telephone said calmly, "that two gunmen, not one, shot President Kennedy."

Jeffrey Bolt sat forward, his brow furrowed in concentration. "What proof?" he asked.

"A film," the caller replied, "that confirms the two-gunmen theory."

Bolt had heard this kind of talk before—usually from cranks or other pathetic people crying out for a little attention. This time, however, the voice

belonged to a highly prominent Dallas attorney.

Still, Bolt was skeptical. "Where has it *been* all this time, if I may ask?"

"In the camera."

"For 15 years?" he exclaimed incredulously. He repeatedly circled the date on his desk calendar: April 16, 1979.

The lawyer sighed. "The man who shot the film had a heart attack and died, moments after the President was shot. The camera was around his neck,

FICTION BY J. R. REGIS

Affair



and it was returned to his family with his other belongings."

"Go ahead," Bolt told him, his interest piqued.

"Apparently, the man's wife put the camera away, forgetting about the film inside. Not unusual when you consider how confused and upset she must have been—what with the President, then her husband dying."

"What was the man's name?"

"Gus Steiner," the lawyer replied.

"How did the film surface?"

"Mrs. Steiner passed away two weeks ago. While going through her house, one of their children found the camera and discovered the film inside."

"What's the person's name?"

"I'm not at liberty to tell you. Suffice it to say that I've been contacted and instructed to turn the film over to the subcommittee."

Bolt tapped his pencil on the note pad. He couldn't blame the attorney's client for not wanting to become directly involved. Especially since many of the witnesses who were even remotely connected with the November 22, 1963, assassination had turned up dead in the months that followed.

"Where's the film now?" Bolt asked.

"It's safe," the lawyer assured him, "and it's here in Dallas."

Two hours later Jeffrey Bolt was on a

flight to Dallas. He'd been on wild-goose chases before; as a Congressional investigator it came with the territory. But something about this lead told him it was different.

After his plane landed, Bolt called the attorney and arranged to meet him later that day. Then he rented a car and checked into a motel.

At the lawyer's posh offices he learned more about the Steiner film. He was told it was 50 feet of 8mm celluloid that was even more revealing than the historic Zapruder film, which had captured in vivid, bloody detail the assassination of America's 35th President, John Fitzgerald Kennedy. But unlike the Zapruder film, which had focused entirely on the mortally wounded President, the Steiner footage was shot from the opposite side of Dealey Plaza and actually showed a "second gunman" firing from the adjacent grassy knoll.

"I've seen the film," the lawyer assured Bolt, "and it's genuine."

"When can I see it?"

"The time and place will be determined by my client and me. Stay by your phone," the lawyer smiled. "It could ring at any time."

That night, Bolt met Anna Lindstrom in the motel parking lot. As he drove in, he saw a woman, apparently in some distress, standing next to a parked car.

Climbing out of his rented sedan, Bolt noticed she was an extremely pretty young lady with long blond hair, the perfect complement to the Nordic blue eyes that studied him as he approached.

"Need some help?" he asked.

"I feel so stupid!" she exclaimed with a slight Swedish accent. "My keys are locked inside, and my skirt is caught in the door."

Bolt fought the urge to laugh. "Good thing I came along."

"Don't tell me you're a locksmith!"

"Not quite," Bolt grinned. "I used to repossess cars to pay my way through law school."

It took only a few seconds to pick the lock. When he was through, Anna smiled. "It's nice to see that chivalry is not dead in America! And gratitude is not dead in Sweden. Would it threaten your masculinity if I were to ask you to dinner? My treat." Her offer was surprising but welcome. Bolt accepted, and they had T-bone steaks in the motel's dining room. Afterward, over drinks, they discovered they had something in common.

"I'm a journalist," she told him. "Right now I'm on assignment for a Swedish magazine."

"What kind of assignment?"

"I'm researching the John F. Kennedy assassination."

"Small world," Bolt remarked with a smile. "I'm in town for the same reason. I'm afraid poor JFK has given Dallas a second tourist industry."

"You're a writer?"

Bolt shook his head. "I'm a Congressional investigator."

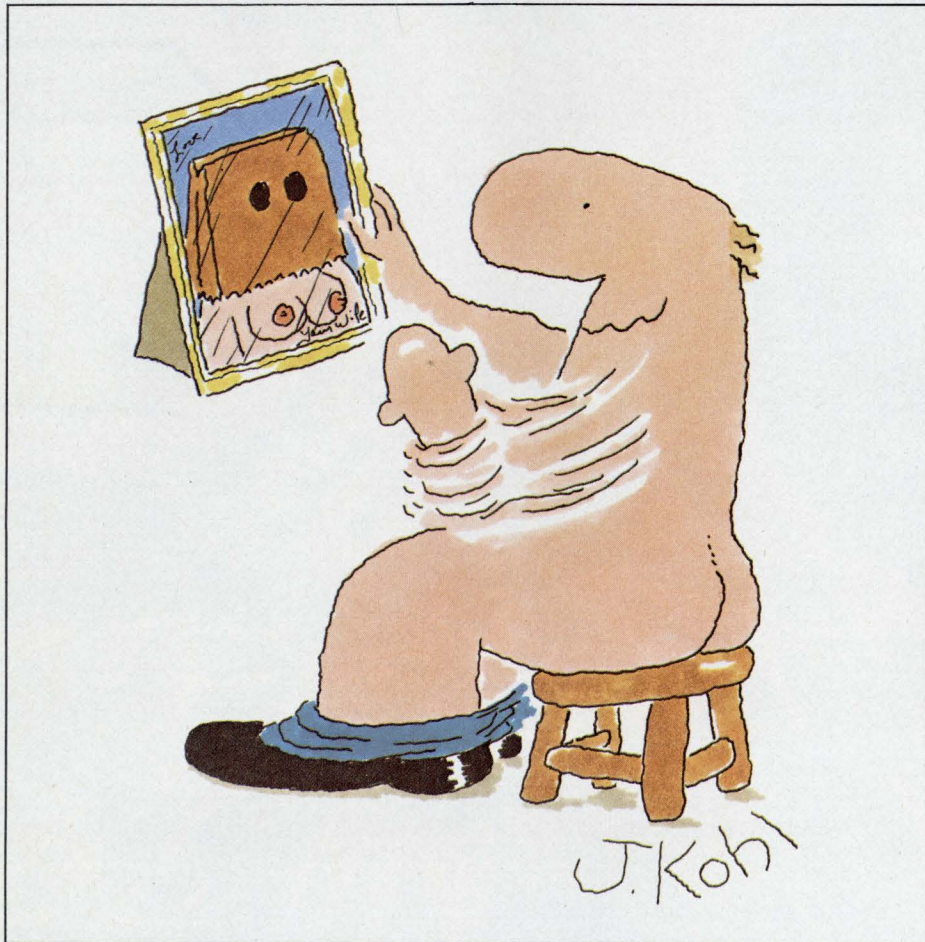
It was common knowledge that a Senate subcommittee had been convened to examine new evidence in the Kennedy assassination. The evidence seemed to support the belief that there were *two* gunmen, not one.

The two of them discussed the various assassination theories until late into the evening. Finally, the conversation turned to more-personal things. She complimented him on his muscular build, which fairly burst through his crisply tailored sport coat. Bolt confessed to working out three nights a week to keep his Tae Kwon Do skills sharp.

Surprising him once again by her boldness, Anna leaned forward and felt his well-muscled arm. "I'd like to see more of that," she smiled.

This must be my lucky night, Bolt thought hopefully. He felt a strong attraction, not all of it sexual, for this extraordinary young Scandinavian beauty.

When Bolt and Anna had finished their drinks, they walked hand-in-hand back to her room. Unlocking the door,





"Wait, Doctor . . . I've changed my mind!"

she faced him and whispered a more-explicit invitation. Bolt accepted with a kiss—a tender kiss that told her this meant more to him than just a single night in the sack.

Once inside the room, she sat him on the double bed, and he leaned back against the headboard to enjoy the view. She stood in front of him, kicked off her shoes and slowly undressed herself. She started with her blouse, revealing two heavy breasts unencumbered by any bra. As Bolt watched, fascinated, she cupped them in her hands and kneaded the flesh, provoking her pink nipples to a ruby hardness. Bolt soon felt a hardness growing in his crotch. Then Anna stepped out of her skirt and stood before him in black bikini panties.

She sat on the edge of the bed and took off her shoes and stockings. Instantly, her fingers worked at the buttons of Bolt's shirt, which she languorously removed. Her tongue flicked impudently at his nipples as she unfastened his belt. Next, she leaned back and pulled off his pants and briefs. At last she removed her panties and kissed him.

They made love slowly, their lips and hands exploring private places until their passion could no longer be contained. Anna kissed him hungrily, taking his lower lip between her teeth and

nibbling softly. Bolt held her tight against him and was acutely aware of the sweet wetness that oozed from her cunt.

In a single, fluid motion, Anna straddled his face, and the distinct odor of feminine arousal filled his nostrils. In the dim light he saw the dewy moisture, clinging like liquid jewels to the blond matting between her legs. She lowered herself to his mouth and gasped when his tongue lanced between the delicate pink folds of her vagina.

Anna leaned back, bracing herself against Bolt's raised knees, and quivered as his tongue danced lightly over her sensitive clit. Unconsciously, she cupped her generous breasts in each hand and fingered her pert nipples.

"Oo-oo-oo, Jeff-f-f," she breathed huskily, "so-o-o goo-oo-oo-ood!"

Bolt said nothing. His tongue was busy elsewhere.

Anna was trembling now, her body building up to the inevitable explosion that would soon wash over her in a series of convulsive waves. "Yes-s-s," she whispered. "Make me come. Make me come in your mouth!"

Bolt parted the lips of her vagina with his fingers and sucked the inflamed bud of her clitoris between his teeth. Anna groaned as her hands moved eagerly over her breasts. Gently, with methodi-

cal precision, Bolt teased her clit with a hot, probing tongue and suckled her tender nub.

"Oh, my—" Her words were lost in a flurry of intense pleasure. Again and again her body jerked spastically as one orgasm after another ripped deep within her.

They made love several times during the next two days. Sometimes it was loving and tender; at other times it was passionate and feverishly physical. In fact, he and Anna were in bed, making love, when the lawyer finally called.

"Texas Stadium in Irving," the lawyer said tersely. "Three p.m. sharp." The line clicked dead.

"Who was it?" Anna asked.

"A man I have to meet," Bolt told her.

"I'm coming with you."

"No, you're not."

"If you don't take me," she challenged, "I'll break the story on the Senate investigation."

Bolt studied Anna Lindstrom's face. He should have known—a typical reporter! Trusting her too much, he'd ended up telling her more than had been wise. If she broke the story now, all the new leads on the assassination could dry up. Potential witnesses might reconsider testifying; important documents could be destroyed. "Okay," Bolt said. "Get dressed!" He found himself furious at her and loving her spirit at the same time.

Except for a large motor home that stood alone on the tarmac, the stadium parking lot was deserted. Bolt pulled up several yards from the RV and was greeted by the lawyer, who stepped outside. "Who's she?" he demanded, pointing at Anna.

"A reporter," Bolt said evenly. "She's on our side."

The lawyer looked her over, then nodded. "Okay, come on in."

The motor home was a plushly designed, top-of-the-line model with all the amenities, including sleeping quarters, kitchen, bathroom and wet bar. A movie projector was set up on a stool, its lens pointed at a small, white card that had been tacked to the wall.

A nervous, attractive woman looked up with surprise as Anna entered with the two men.

"Don't worry," the lawyer assured her. "She's with him." The woman studied them with nervous, flitting eyes. "This is Angela Kaplan," the lawyer said, "the Steiners' oldest daughter."

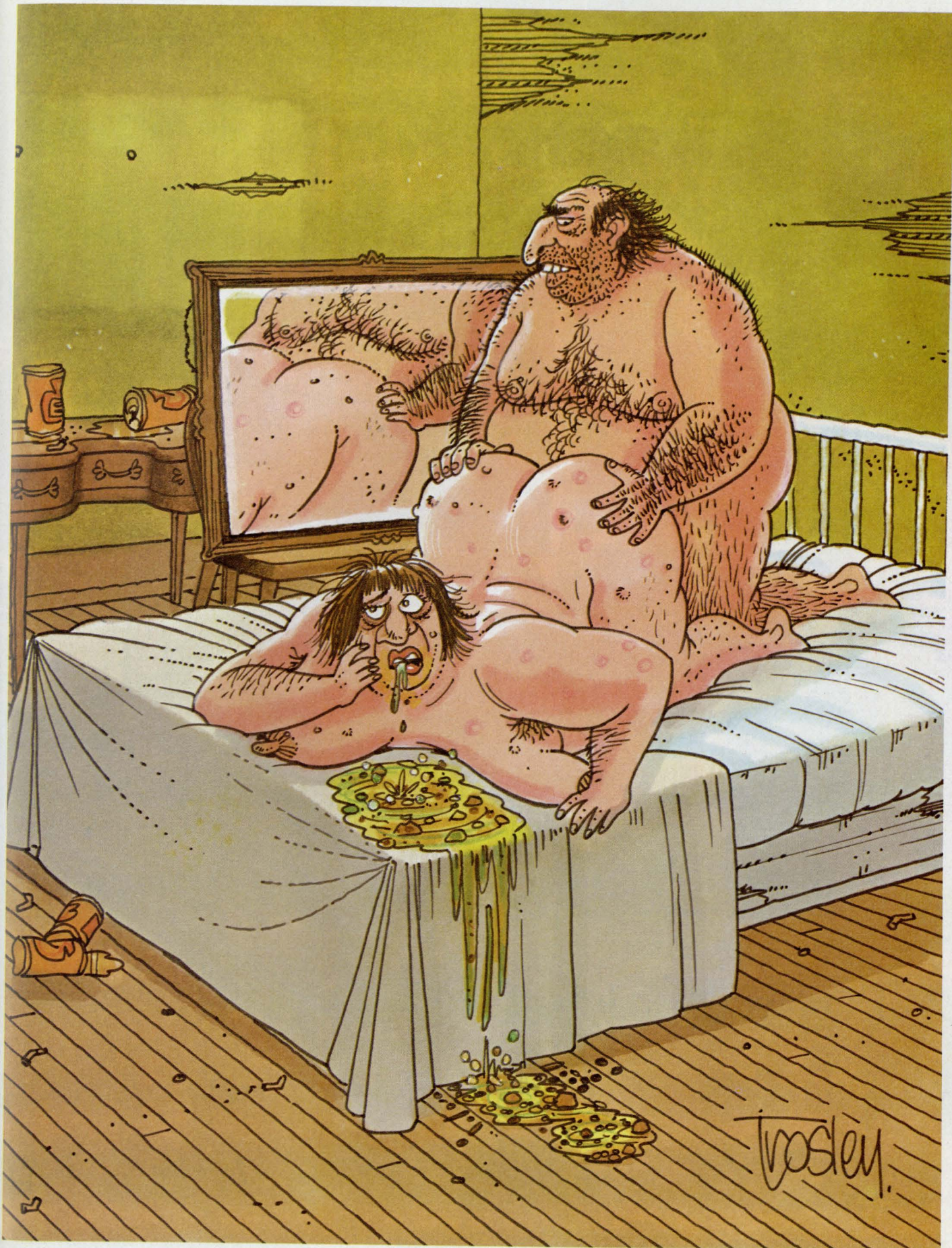
"Can we get this over with?" Mrs. Kaplan pleaded. "I don't want to stay here any longer than necessary."

Plainly, she was frightened, and Bolt nodded to the lawyer. "Let's see the film."

(continued on page 90)



"I charged you double for the abortion because it would have been twins."



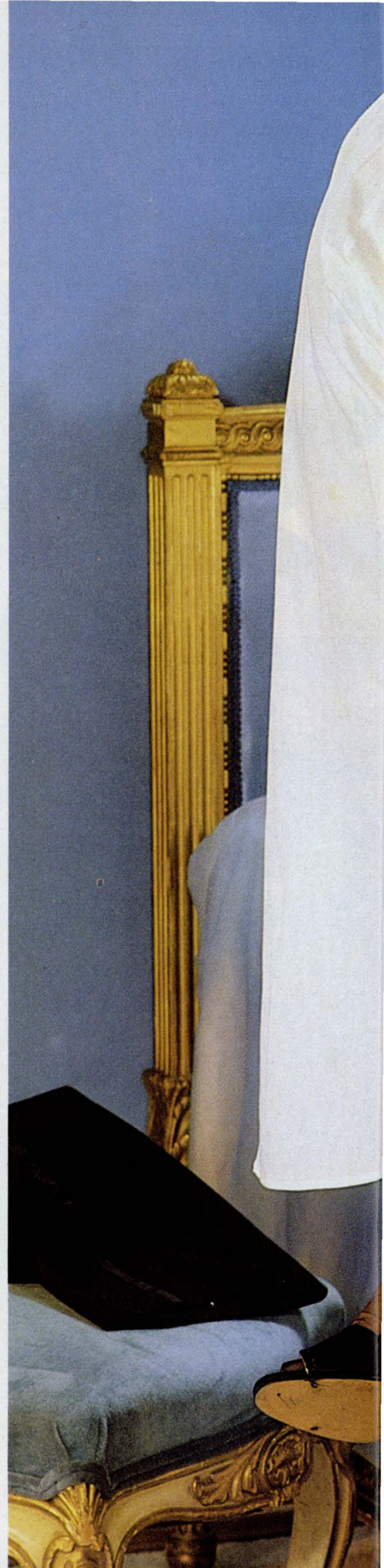
"Sorry. That's the first time I ever saw what we looked like doin' it."

LUST WEEKEND



Photography by Clive McLean











The romance of a carriage ride through Central Park was all he needed to make his first move. She knew right away this was not just another date. Their first kiss is charged with passion, leaving them with a desire that wouldn't quit; so they quickly make their way to a plush hotel. Her hands grab his crotch the second the elevator closes. In the room he grows hard with excitement at the sight of the perfect breasts he's longed for all evening. Having her new man deep inside her writhing body drives her to pure ecstasy. Their lust is fulfilled; exhausted, they sip fine champagne. The party has just begun.









THE KENNEDY AFFAIR

(continued from page 78)

The attorney dimmed the lights and switched on the projector. Bolt and Anna watched the images flicker across the white card, replaying that tragic scene in Dallas. The motorcade swung past the Texas School Book Depository, and Kennedy's open Lincoln Continental came into view. The camera panned with the car, zeroing in on the young Chief Executive, who was sitting on the side opposite the amateur photographer. The Depository could be seen behind the President.

Suddenly, he slumped forward, clutching his throat. Then his head snapped back, exploding in a crimson cloud. Bolt and Anna peered closer at the makeshift screen. There it was! The distinct shape of someone atop the grassy knoll, holding what appeared to be a rifle. A sudden muzzle flash confirmed it just seconds before the final frames sputtered through the projector.

The lawyer turned on the lights. "As I said," he told them, "there's no doubt that a second gunman was involved."

Bolt nodded. "The figure's too small to identify now, but we can enlarge some frames and probably make a positive ID."

Bolt was given the film. "Thank you,

Mrs. Kaplan," he said. "You're a very brave woman."

"No, I am not!" she snapped. "I'm a very frightened woman."

And with good reason. Bolt and Anna were approaching his rented sedan when an explosion shattered the silence and knocked them to the ground. But they turned in time to see a bright-orange fireball engulf the motor home.

Something glinted high on the roof of Texas Stadium, and Bolt saw movement there. "Get in the car!" he shouted. "There's a sniper!"

Anna rushed to the car and climbed in. Bolt had drawn his pistol, but the gunman was out of range. So he dashed to the car, started it and sped away, peeling rubber as he went and leaving a burning hulk in their wake.

"Son of a bitch!" Bolt cursed. "We were followed!"

"The motor home," Anna gasped. "How could it just burst into flames like that?"

"My guess is the sniper pumped a tracer shell into the gas tank." He reached into his coat pocket and removed the film. "Take this," he ordered.

Anna stuffed the spool into her handbag. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm dropping you off and going back to the stadium. Maybe I can get whoever snuffed the motor home. But if

he gets me, I don't want him to have the film. If I die, you've got the scoop of the decade, Anna."

Jeffrey Bolt never saw the *second* man with the high-powered rifle. Nor did he hear the shot that tore into the left front tire just after he'd given Anna the film. The bullet shredded the rubber on impact, yanking the car violently across the two-lane highway. The sedan sailed over an embankment and plunged into a shallow ravine. He vaguely recalled looking to his right and seeing Anna, frantically gripping her handbag, tumble out the door. After that, everything exploded into a jumble of twisted metal and shattered glass.

* * *

Bolt's memory of the events immediately following the crash was a jigsaw of disjointed images: anxious hands pulling him from the wreckage; evacuation by helicopter to a Dallas hospital; the grim look on the doctor's face when he told him Anna Lindstrom was dead, killed instantly when she fell from the car. No, they had not found any handbag with the body.

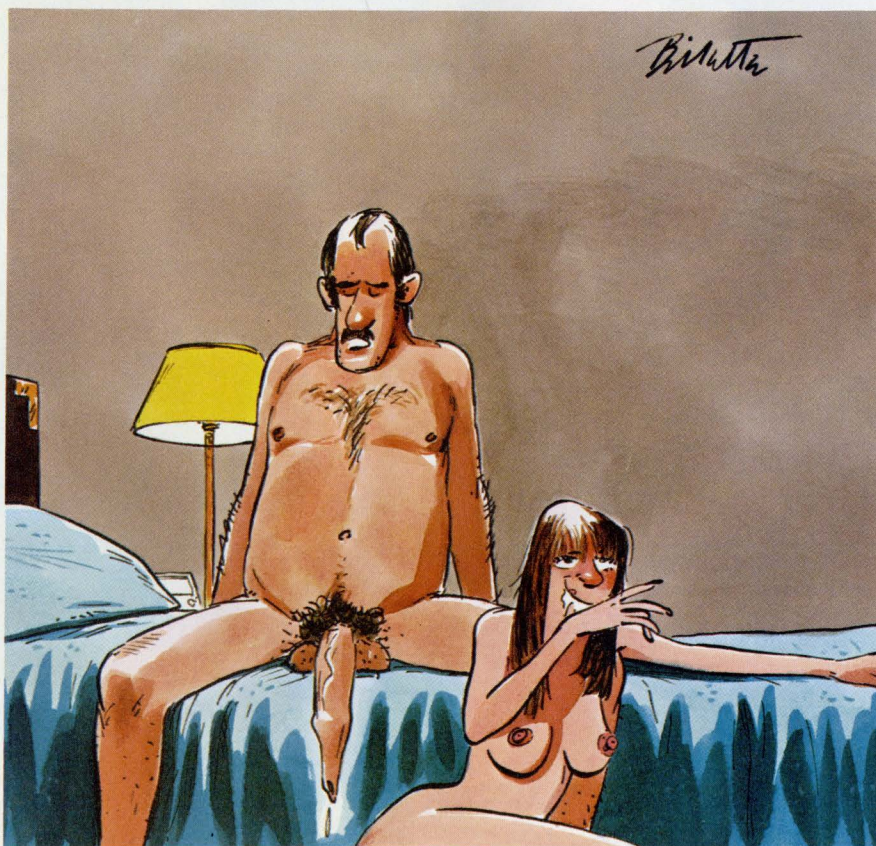
They had been together only three days, and yet it was long enough to know he'd fallen deeply in love with her. But Anna was dead, they said—killed in a car *he* had been driving. Despite his own injuries, the guilt gnawed at him constantly. Because he had somehow failed, the woman he loved was dead.

* * *

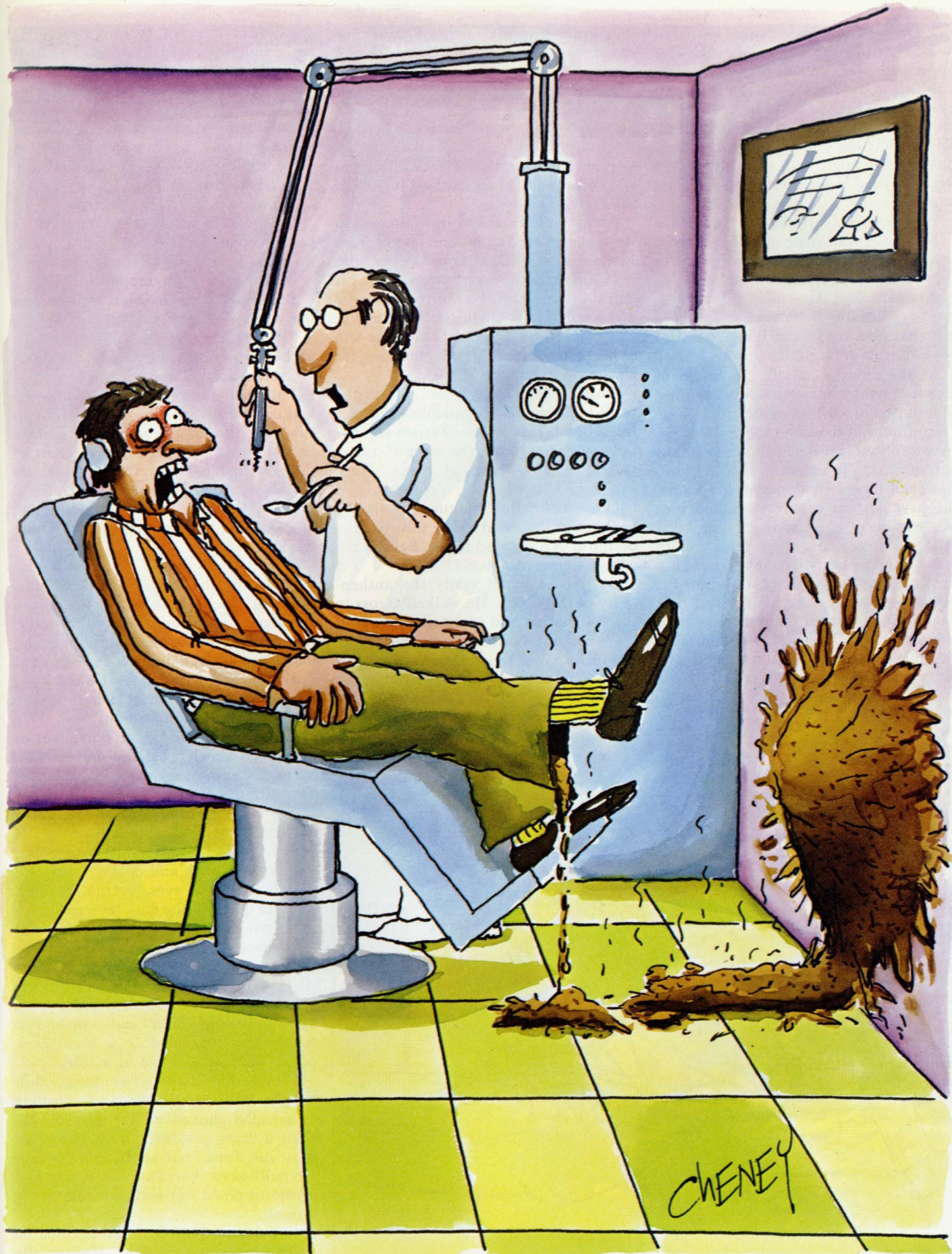
Several agonizing months later, when Bolt's life-threatening injuries had mended, the Congressional investigator was transferred to a top-secret neuropsychiatric institution near Los Angeles. The modern, efficiently run government facility was one of many at which federal agents were treated for head injuries, neurological disorders and mental breakdowns. Bolt had suffered brain damage in the accident—and it was during his recuperation that the visions began.

He saw them in his mind's eye, as clear and crisp as a finely tuned television picture. One vision in particular was most disturbing. He could "see" Anna, her mouth stretched wide in a silent, terrified scream and moving backward in slow motion, her hands in front of her in a protective gesture. Behind her the background was cloudy and out of focus; so he couldn't tell where she was or what she was running from.

At first he believed he was hallucinating. But when the visions persisted, Bolt slowly began to doubt what the doctors and his superiors had been telling him. Anna was *alive*. He knew it—he felt it! Doctors could be made to lie.



"You gotta stop sucking so hard, Sal. I used to be circumcised!"



"Did that hurt?"

There was only one possible explanation for his feeling the way he did: His brain had been damaged in the crash, but the impact had apparently jarred open one of the many dark, mysterious, untapped compartments of his mind. Jeffrey Bolt was convinced he had been blessed by tragedy with a sixth sense—a sense beyond sight, sound, smell, taste and touch.

He knew the Russians and Americans had been conducting experiments in this area, with amazing results on both sides of the Iron Curtain. Psychologists, of course, called it extrasensory perception, or ESP. But Bolt called it a gift—a gift that had convinced him Anna was alive, but in great peril.

As the months passed, the vision of Anna, moving backward and screaming silently, recurred incessantly. Bolt convinced himself it was a cry for help. He surmised that someone was going to kill her and that she was calling out to him. But each time he mentioned her name, the psychiatrists calmly reminded him she was dead, her body having been returned to Sweden two years before and buried in her village churchyard.

There was only one way to know for sure. Two weeks after his release, Bolt flew to Copenhagen. From there he took a hydrofoil to Malmo. In its comfortable passenger section he scrutinized the

slate-gray sky that loomed over the choppy waters separating Denmark and Sweden. It was a typical Scandinavian summer day, and the sea heaved under the boiling black clouds. Bolt checked his watch. The trip to Malmo, a Swedish shipbuilding port, would take another 40 minutes. So he settled back in his seat and succumbed to the droning lullaby of the craft's engines.

As the vessel docked in Malmo, Bolt shrugged off the fatigue and jet lag of his 10½-hour polar flight from Los Angeles to Copenhagen. After converting his currency and renting a Volvo Turbo, he drove north toward Hostrand, a tiny village in southern Sweden. There the fate of his beloved Anna would, once and for all, be resolved.

An hour later Bolt turned left off the main highway and stopped in front of a small hotel. Just down the street was the railway station—and the sight of it triggered another vision of Anna. Once again he “saw” her, screaming and backing away. But this time the murky background cleared; she was on the platform of a railroad depot. Behind her a large sign read, “HOSTRAND.”

At last he could verify the authenticity of the vision. He walked across to the real station and rounded a corner of the ancient, weather-beaten structure. There, looming above the platform, was

the destination sign, looking exactly as he had pictured it in his mind. To him it meant that Anna was here—and that she was still alive and in need of his help.

Bolt returned to his car and lugged his suitcase to the hotel's check-in desk. A hefty, middle-aged woman greeted him with a pleasant smile.

“Speak English?” Bolt asked.

“Can I help you?” she responded.

“I need a room.”

“How long will you be staying?”

“Hard to say,” he replied wearily.

Bolt signed the register and showed the woman his passport.

“We charge 200 Swedish crowns a night,” she informed him. “That’s about 35 American dollars.”

Bolt paid for two nights in advance and carried his suitcase up the stairs to the second floor. The room was sparsely furnished with a single bed, a chest of drawers and a chair. *Definitely not the honeymoon suite*, he thought. He placed his suitcase on the floor and flopped facedown on the bed. Within seconds he was fast asleep.

* * *

Following the innkeeper's directions, Bolt had little trouble finding the village cemetery. Tombstones flanked the pathway leading up to the church, and he looked up at the bell tower as he pushed open the creaky iron gate. It was 6 a.m., but sunrise had been at 3 here in the “Land of the Midnight Sun.”

Gravel crunched under Bolt's feet as he moved slowly past the gravestones, his eyes scanning the name on each one. Ten minutes later he stood silently before a large granite marker. The name LINDSTROM was chiseled across its face. Beneath that was Anna's name and the dates of birth and death.

Bolt closed his eyes, forcing his mind to delve beneath the dark layers of earth that covered her coffin. But there was only blackness.

Suddenly, an image did begin to materialize—the vision of someone lurking close by. It slowly took shape, and in his mind's eye Bolt could “see” a man. The figure was concealed in a high, dark place—and he was aiming a rifle.

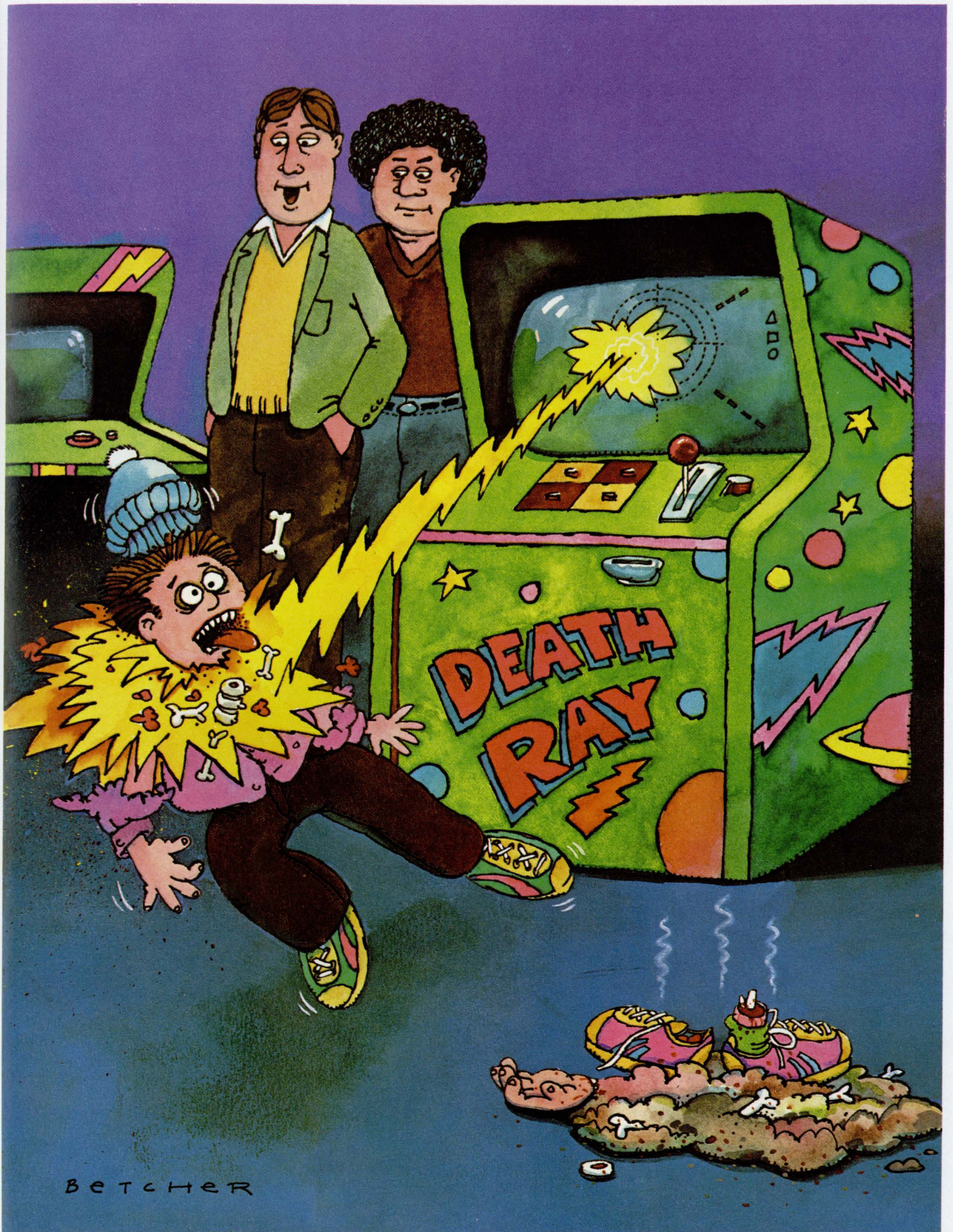
When the image crystallized, Bolt quickly dived behind Anna's tombstone as a bullet pinged off the granite. He drew a 9mm automatic from inside his coat and fired four shots straight into the bell tower. A second later a man and a rifle tumbled out and plunged to the ground.

Bolt ran to the corpse and decided he had to get it out of sight. Hefting the body over his shoulder, he carried the dead man to the Volvo and placed him

(continued on page 102)



“Sniff, Lois. Would you eat anything that smelled like that?”

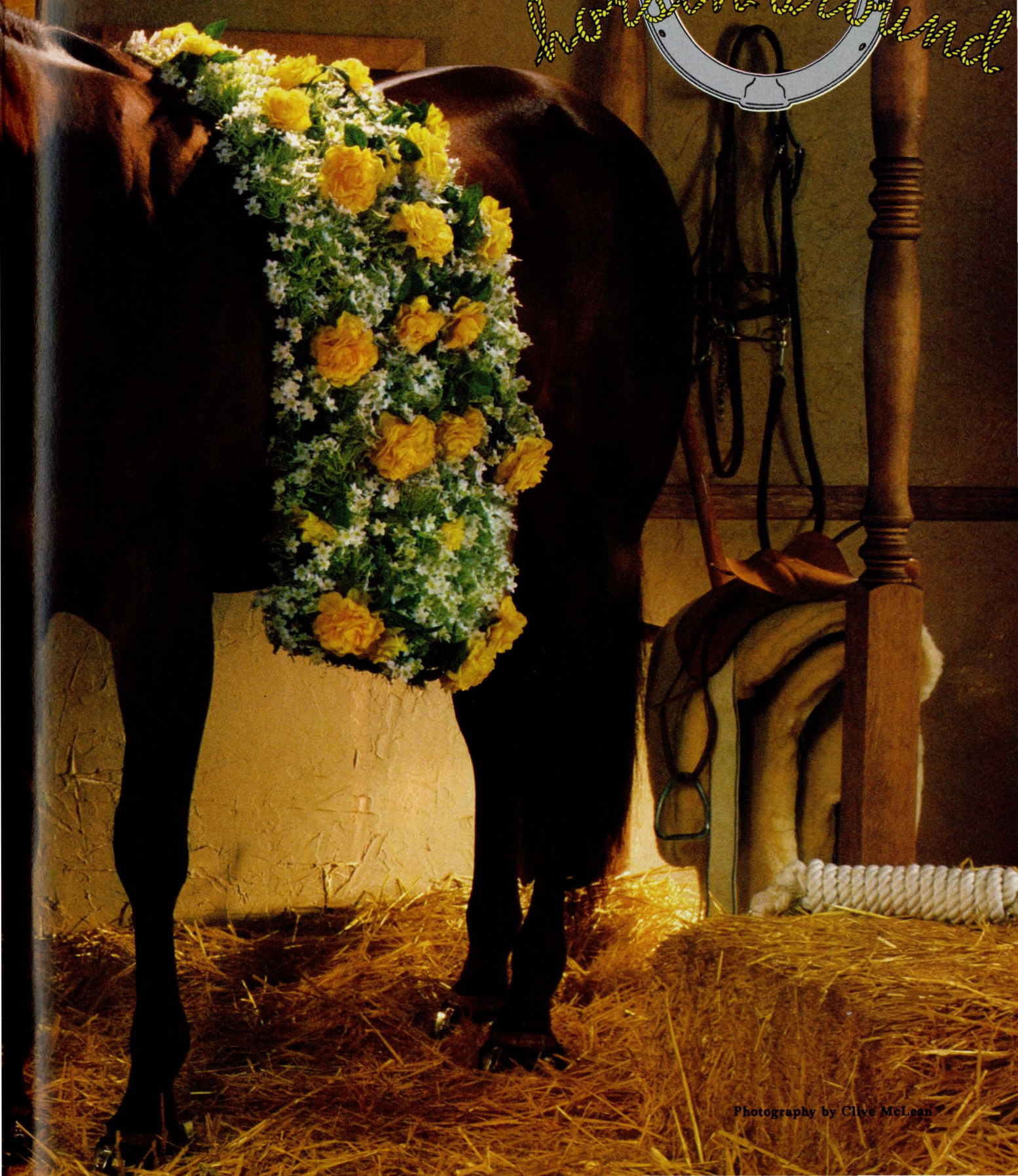


"Hey, this game looks challenging!"

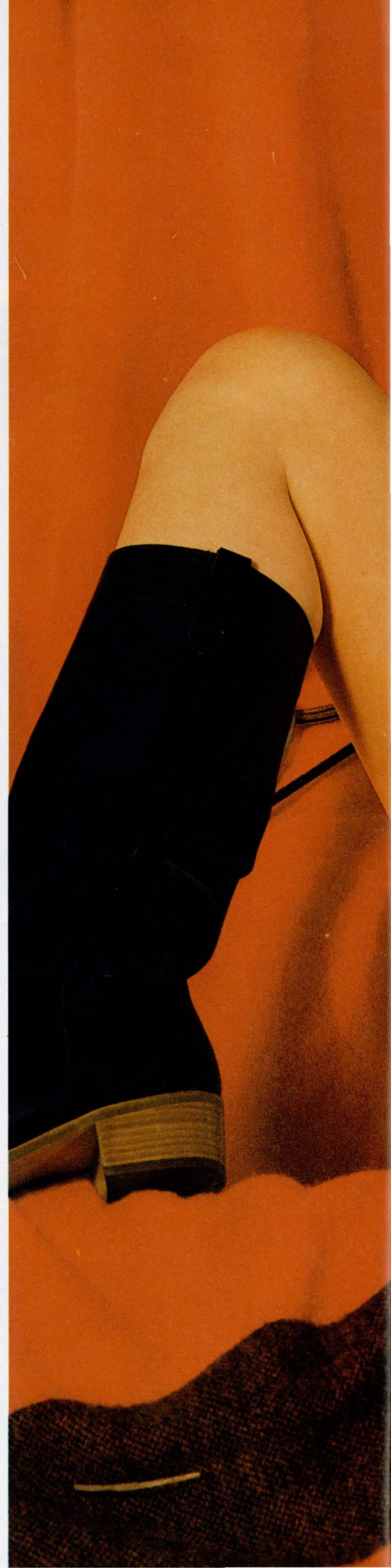


BILLIE

havin' around



Photography by Clive McLean

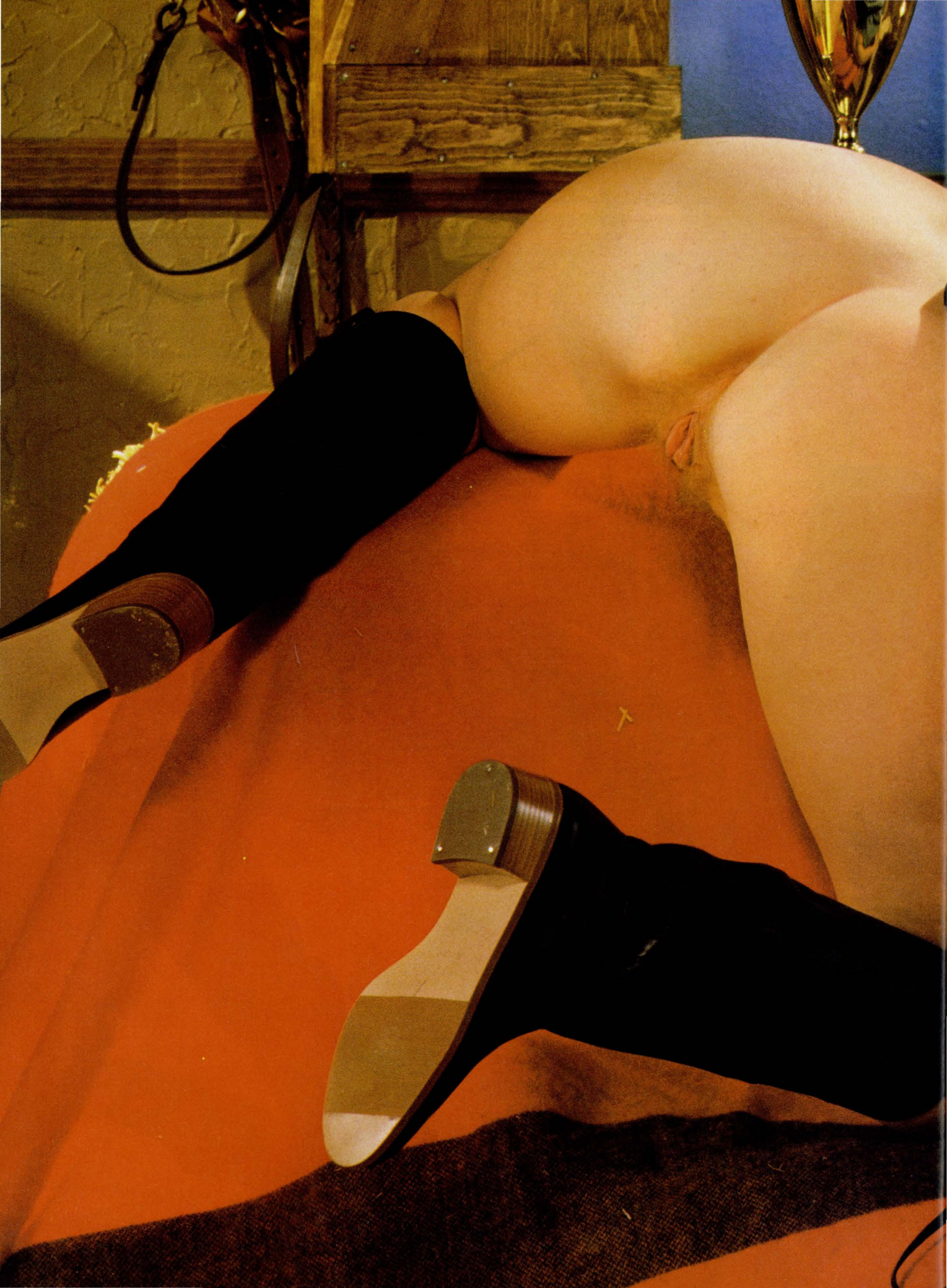








Billie finds she has to spend a lot of time herding horny men away at the riding stables. "I can't help it if they like to see me bounce when I'm doing a fast gallop," she confessed. "Actually, it's kinda fun to turn them on." Billie secretly enjoys grooming her favorite horse at the crack of dawn and then riding him bareback—and bare-assed. Climbing off her mount, Billie tells us: "I can give a man the ride of a lifetime. But I like the feel of a horse's back rubbing against my pussy almost as much."





HUSTLER

BEAVER HUNT MODEL RELEASE



Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest—see opposite page. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Please Print

Model's name/Name to be published

Address

Date of Birth

Phone (include area code)

Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer

NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY

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Model's Legal Signature

Date

Model's Social Security Number

THE KENNEDY AFFAIR

(continued from page 92)

and the rifle in the trunk. Bolt headed back to the hotel, where he could debate his next move. There was no doubt about it: Anna was definitely alive. The attempt on his life confirmed it.

All I have to do now is find her before it's too late, he thought grimly.

When he arrived at the hotel, the innkeeper was at the check-in desk and waved merrily to him as he made his way up the stairs. He unlocked the door to his room and instantly sensed that something was wrong. Stepping inside, he spotted a movement to his left, but before he could react, he felt a blinding pain as an object struck him above his left ear. He was falling . . .

Bolt was aware of a dull, roaring sound that seemed to come from far away. Yet it quickly drew closer, its intensity building until it finally became a streak of rushing metal. He opened his eyes and saw a blurred train flashing past, rattling the windows of the old wooden structure on whose rough plank floor he was lying. When he focused his eyes, he saw three men staring out the window at the departing train.

"He's awake." Bolt recognized Anna's voice and turned toward her. "Hello, Jeffrey," she smiled. "Does your head hurt?"

He winced as he sat up and held his throbbing skull in both hands. "Nothing a guillotine couldn't cure."

The three men approached and took up positions several feet away.

"How did you find me?" Anna asked, standing behind him and lightly massaging his temples.

"I'm an investigator," Bolt replied flippantly. "I checked out your death certificate." He looked around, feeling woozy. "Where are we?"

"The train station."

Bolt flashed on the image again. "Business doesn't seem to be too brisk," he observed.

"The trains haven't stopped here for years," Anna told him. "Hostrand is very wary of strangers."

"Not to mention hostile," said Bolt, rubbing the lump on his head.

Anna smiled. "This is a unique little village. It is what is known in our business as a 'safe town.'"

"And just what business is that?"

"The killing business," Anna said calmly. "We are assassins."

"Assassins?!" Bolt's eyebrows shot upward. "You?"

"I should say *retired* assassins," she clarified. "You see, Jeffrey, Hostrand is, by international treaty, a safe haven for those of us who have served in the CIA,

the Soviet KGB or other government agencies."

"I see," said Bolt. "You're all killers, and this is the only place on earth you can retire without fear of retaliation."

"You always were a perceptive man," Anna said with a smile.

"What agency were you with?" Bolt asked.

"AFIA."

Bolt whistled. "The Armed Forces Intelligence Agency. That's pretty heavy stuff."

Little was known about AFIA except that it was an elite corps of professionals buried deep within the labyrinthine layers of the Pentagon. AFIA answered to no one but the Joint Chiefs of the Army, Navy, Marines and Air Force.

Bolt mullied it over before speaking again. "Our meeting in Dallas—it was pre-arranged, wasn't it?"

Anna nodded. "In researching your dossier, I learned you had once repossessed cars; so I used your skills with locked doors as a means of meeting you. Rather clever, yes?"

"I fell in love with you," Bolt confessed, his voice choked with emotion.

"That was the whole idea, darling!" Anna laughed as she sat down next to him and took his hand in hers. "We had to get our hands on the Steiner film. To do that, one of our people had to gain your confidence." She paused, looking at him with patronizing eyes. "I was the one."

* * *

Bolt regarded Anna with scornful eyes. "You weren't thrown out of the car," he said flatly. "You jumped."

"Very good, darling," Anna said with mock sincerity. "And why not? You'd given me the film, and I knew that Klaus was waiting in ambush."

"Klaus?" said Bolt.

"The man in the bell tower," she said. "He was very careless."

"And the sniper at the stadium?"

"That was Roger," she smiled, gesturing to one of the men flanking them.

"And what about the film?" Bolt inquired. "I assume it wasn't shown at the Cannes Film Festival."

Anna laughed lightly. "It was very useful to us, but it was destroyed."

"Which means we could have identified the second gunman."

"Without question," Anna replied. "He was a general with the North Atlantic Treaty Organization—your NATO. He died peacefully six months ago while tending his garden."

"Why, Anna? Why would the Pentagon kill its commander-in-chief?"

Anna stood up and walked a few paces away, apparently debating whether

(continued on page 108)

Beaver Hunt

All across the country, there's a dazzling array of beautiful Beavers eager to make their debut in *Beaver Hunt*. You can make your wife's or girlfriend's dream come true by snapping your lens at her sexiest pose. If selected, she'll win 50 bucks. Plus there's always the chance your Beaver will be chosen for an extended photo-feature at professional-models' rates. All photographs submit-

ted become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry (preferably more than one color photo) to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Be sure to use the model release that appears on page 102, or a facsimile. And fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your Beaver her \$50.

Photo by Carl



Greasing up and getting it on at a sandy beach with her boyfriend would satisfy Theresa Johnson, 28. This beautician from Aberdeen, Maryland, likes golf, sewing and cooking.

Photo by Mike Kimbell



Ellen Kimbell, 21, says she'd like to "strap on a dick and fuck the hell out of Marilyn Chambers." She's a McDonough, Georgia, girl who enjoys sex, painting, and swimming in the raw.

One for the ladies

Boris the Bear hangs out at the zoo, where he spends his days lolling in the sun. He fantasizes about licking honey from the luscious lips of Yogi's sister.



Photo by M. E. Starling Jr.



Photo by Lyla

Palo Alto, California, is home to Josh, 26, a cook who'd like to stir up some hot action in a porno flick with Seka. His hobbies include karate and motorcycles.

Photo by Ted



To get it on in a federal building would tickle the sexual fancy of 27-year-old Carol Sweigart. This model from the Southwest enjoys clothes, food, men, golf and tennis.

Scott McMath



Gina Zampaglione, 20, of Boca Raton, Florida, works as an animal caretaker. She likes rock, jazz and reggae music, and would love to ride stark naked on a horse across a field of roses.

Homebody Cathy S., 30, wants to make it with every male who turns her on. A West Coast girl, she enjoys sewing, macrame and dancing.



Photo by Husband



Making it with a transvestite would be the ultimate turn-on for 25-year-old Patti of Lexington, North Carolina. She's a dancer whose hobbies include swimming and lovemaking.

Photo by Von



Photo by S. W.



Debra Ellis is a 27-year-old receptionist from Atlanta, Georgia. She likes writing, swimming, dancing and horseback riding, and would love to gain fame as a **HUSTLER** centerfold.

Devon of North Hollywood, California, is a 21-year-old security officer who enjoys camping, hiking and traveling. This wilderness lover fantasizes about making it with two men in a forest.

Photo by Husband



Photo by Curtis Parrish

Disc jockey S. H. wants to tune in to a couple of guys at the same time for "a really good screw." This 29-year-old from Portland, Connecticut, spends her free time raising cats and playing backgammon.



Photo by John Pendergraft



Renee of San Antonio, Texas, has fulfilled her sexual fantasy by having her snapshot published in HUSTLER. Tennis, dancing and modeling are the hobbies of this 24-year-old housewife.

Swinging, bondage, motorcycling and dancing are the favorite pastimes of Helen, 25, from Riverside, California. A medical assistant, Helen fantasizes about appearing in a HUSTLER photo-layout with two males.



Photo by R. P.

photo by Husband



Legal secretary Linda is 22 years old and lives in New Jersey, where she engages in sports and sex. She dreams about making love on the beach at sunset with her husband.



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THE KENNEDY AFFAIR

(continued from page 102)

she should answer or not. She faced him. "It wasn't just the Pentagon," she said crisply. "Several industrialists were involved as well—people who supply our military needs."

Bolt stared at her. "That tells me who. It doesn't tell me why."

"Vietnam," Anna said flatly. "John Kennedy was assassinated because of Vietnam."

"It doesn't make sense!" Bolt cried. "Kennedy was stepping up our military involvement in Nam. If anything, the military-industrial complex would have wanted to keep him alive!"

Anna shook her head. "Kennedy was reconsidering his Vietnam policy. In fact, he'd already decided he would order a complete withdrawal of our troops and advisers when he returned from Dallas."

The news hit Bolt like a kick to the solar plexus. He absorbed everything she had just told him, and felt tears well up in his eyes. "If that's true," he said, his voice cracking, "there never would have been—"

Anna returned and knelt before him. "It's true, Jeffrey," she whispered, taking his hands in hers. "If John Kennedy had lived, America would never have fought a war in Southeast Asia."

* * *

Rage scalded Bolt's insides. "Bastards!" he hissed. "Kill one President, and 50,000 die in Nam."

"I'm afraid one more will have to die as well," Anna said softly. "Why couldn't you have just gone on believing I was dead?"

Bolt looked deep into Anna's eyes and remembered the vision that had brought him to Sweden: the vision of a frightened, panicky woman stumbling backward in a feeble attempt to escape some unseen danger. He could contain his fury no longer, and impulsively he decided that Hostrand was as good a place to die as any other. But first he was going to make that martial-arts training pay off.

Without warning he grasped Anna by the throat and flung her to the side. She smashed into one of her companions, knocking him down. Both lay there stunned for a moment. Bolt's left foot shot out, catching the second gunman—the one called Roger—squarely under the jaw. His head snapped back, and he fell limply to the floor. The third man reacted quickly and was able to draw his pistol. But Bolt was faster and, as he landed on the balls of his feet, he whipped his right leg around, sweeping the man's legs out from under him. A

round went into the ceiling as Bolt twisted the gun from the guy's hand and fired once into his face.

Anna and the first man scrambled to their feet, and Bolt saw he was coming up armed. Bolt put two rounds into the assassin's chest, hurling him through a large, plate-glass window. Anna scurried to the opposite side of the station, but Bolt had no time for her. Roger—the man he'd kicked—rolled over and aimed his pistol at Bolt's crotch. Bolt dove sideways as the bullet just missed his leg, but he managed to pump a single round into his adversary's head.

Instantly, with the agility of a ballet dancer, Bolt was once again on his feet. He swung around to face Anna, just in time to see her backing out the door to the platform. He dashed out after her, his pistol still drawn.

As he advanced on her, Bolt realized he was *living* the vision that had haunted him for so long. It was exactly as he had "seen" it: the look of terror on her face, her hands up protectively in front of her as she backed away. But now he saw what the vision had not revealed. Anna was running from *him*!

Bolt stopped and looked down at the gun in his hand. Then it occurred to him: He hadn't come to Hostrand to *save* Anna; fate had sent him to *kill* her! His stunned eyes met hers, and she knew what he was thinking. She reacted instinctively, moving backward again. But her heels caught on the platform's planking, and she lost her balance.

He never saw the train until it was upon her. It came from out of nowhere, streaking north with a tremendous rush of speed. Anna's body seemed to hang in midair as the locomotive slammed into her. She disintegrated into a shower of blood, bone and tattered flesh.

* * *

Bolt peered out the station door and looked toward the hotel. The Volvo was where he'd parked it earlier—about 50 yards away. Fifty yards of open terrain. He was in a town inhabited by assassins, and there was a good chance snipers were in the buildings between the station and his rented car. It was a chance he'd have to take.

He dashed out the door, crouching low and scurrying along the sidewalk toward the vehicle. *So far, so good*, he thought. When he reached the car, he heard the squeal of tires behind him. He turned and saw a black Saab skidding around a corner and roaring at him. A passenger in the front seat fired at Bolt, and his return volley cracked the Saab's windshield. The attackers' car veered sharply across the street and plowed into a storefront. The passenger crashed

(continued on page 125)

Few people think libraries are very—well—stimulating. But I found out differently! I attend a small college in Florida, and recently I had to go to the library to do some late-night research for a term paper. I learned a lot more than I expected...

The place was practically deserted. At the card catalog, I picked up the curious sensation that I was being watched. Sure enough, from behind the reserve desk the tawny-haired librarian was staring at me—well, not at me, actually. She appeared to be staring at my crotch!

This really flipped me out. I'm in pretty good shape, and sometimes girls do take a look at me, but I never had one ogle my cock like this—especially a librarian. Before I knew it, she sauntered over to me.

She was wearing a one-piece white suit with a zipper that had slipped part way down the front, and black high-heeled boots that pushed the peach halves of her ass high. She asked if she could be of help, and I told her what I was looking for.

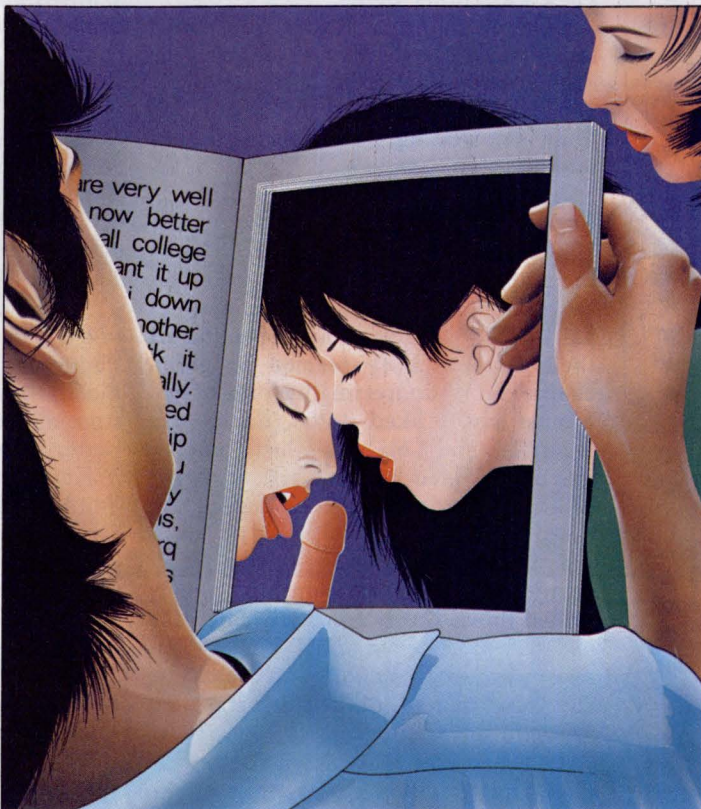
"I think we've got just what you need downstairs—in the erotic-fiction section," she said. As she led me to the basement, I was so busy admiring her cleavage that I almost stumbled and fell down the stairs!

On the way, she said something like, "We don't keep it on the main floor because some people find eroticism—well, too hot to handle, you might say." I tried to tell whether she meant to be as suggestive as she sounded.

At last we came to a small sign that said, "EROTIC FICTION." I saw books like *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, *Tropic of Cancer* and *The Story of O*. As I was looking over her shoulder at the shelves, I decided to risk a move. I leaned forward to remove a book and eased my crotch against one of her ass cheeks. I hesitated an agonizing few seconds, then felt her ass muscles tighten as she nudged against me.

Still holding myself against her, I took her face in my hands, tilted it toward me

Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 on publication for six-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



LIBRARY LUST

by Newk Phillips

and planted a kiss on her lips. Without breaking off the kiss, she spun around and put her arms behind my back. Our tongues probed deeply into each other's mouths, and she started wildly undulating her cunt against my cock while grabbing my ass with both hands.

I had the librarian's zipper down to her navel in a flash. Her perfect tits plopped into my hands, and her round, pink nipples were hard and eager. She undid my pants, and they fell to my knees. My penis was so hard, it could have been a railroad spike jutting from between my legs.

"Mmmmm," she said, caressing it. Before I could sigh, she had my hot cock

in her mouth. *Anybody* could have found us down there, but she didn't seem concerned, working her tongue on my balls and dick like a feather duster.

I started to look nervously down the length of the stacks. Suppose someone saw us? The thought excited me. The rush I felt grew even stronger, and my cock throbbed as it slid out of her mouth.

The librarian stepped out of her clothes—she wasn't wearing a bra or panties—and her body was just too inviting. She placed her legs in a wide stance with her back to me. She had kept her black boots on, making a stark contrast to the creamy whiteness of her buttocks.

"Give it to me!" she moaned. "I want your cock up my ass."

I put my hands around her waist. With every slight move, her tits would wave in dual motion, swinging in midair. Her ass was round, and her thighs firm and tight. I let my right hand slide between her legs. Her pussy was wet and glistened with her juices. I couldn't resist. I eased my rod into her honeypot. Aah, it was great—hot, tight, throbbing.

"Oh," she moaned, "no... I... uh... I want it in the ass. Please, I need it in my asshole!" She took one of her high-heeled boots and ground it into the top of my foot to make her point.

With her heel sending pain up my leg, I had to withdraw. My penis was hot and slick with her butter. Slowly I penetrated her tight bunghole. She gasped and almost collapsed, and I had to hold her up by the waist. Finally, I couldn't stand it any longer. I started pumping into her like a maniac.

Suddenly, two coeds—a tall brunette and a short blonde—started walking down the book-lined aisle toward us. We'd been discovered, but it was too late for my sperm to stop! I closed my eyes and came like a rocket. As my juices filled her bowels, the librarian let out a delighted squeal and came in three convulsive movements. She fell limply to the floor.

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When I opened my eyes, she was smiling up at the tall brunette, who had beautiful Latin eyes and an olive complexion. Instead of turning away in horror as I had expected, both girls were smiling!

"Lola, who's your friend?" the librarian exclaimed, eyeing the short blonde lustfully. From the looks on their faces it was obvious that Lola and the librarian knew each other well.

"This is my friend Kathy," the Latin lovely said. "Is this a private party or can anybody join in?"

"The more the merrier!" said the librarian, wetting her finger with her tongue.

Lola smiled and gave me the eye. Kathy took the library books that she and Lola had been holding and placed them in the far corner. Then, to my amazement, they exchanged an eye signal, and both of them started peeling off their clothes. They seemed to get a charge out of undressing in front of me. I must say, I liked it too. Kathy was about 18, and Lola was a little older—maybe 20. Their breasts bounced merrily as they pulled off their sweaters and dropped their jeans.

Lola, who seemed to be the dominant partner in their relationship, slowly pulled down Kathy's panties. Then she slid out of her own. The skin of their asses was just as smooth and creamy as the round mounds of their tits, and I felt my mouth watering!

Lola had Kathy lie down flat on the floor and straddled her as easily as she might a favorite pony. The Latin girl bent down, and they began licking the insides of each other's thighs.

Soon Lola arched her back and sighed. Kathy fingered herself and moaned. While they worked at one another with concentrated fervor, I looked at the librarian, who was smiling and rubbing her own tits. I got hard again.

When Lola and Kathy saw I had it up again, they stopped and slid across the floor to me. They quickly had me flat on my back. Lola got on her hands and knees, managed to swing my legs up over her shoulders one at a time, and spread them as wide as they would go. She started massaging my balls and tonguing the length of my cock.

Kathy, the cute little blonde, put her knees on either side of my head and gently eased herself down onto my face. I gratefully licked her downy golden mound. I even managed to get one of my fingers up her ass. She moaned and rocked back and forth, and eventually gave a small squeal as she came with a lurch. She started to fall backward, completely exhausted, but the librarian hurried over and seized her in a passionate

kiss, gently pulling her up off my mouth and holding the weak-kneed Kathy in her arms.

Lola was working the head of my prick as if it were a large lollipop, pushing her mouth over the top slowly, keeping her lips taut and slick. Her long, black hair formed a tent over my cock. When she had it full in her mouth, she let her tongue flex back and forth on the aching underside; then she slowly withdrew, keeping her lips as tight as she could. My rod was so wet, it made a smacking sound as it plopped out of her mouth. But no sooner was it out than Lola was squeezing it back in—swollen, aching, burning. I didn't think I could stand much more. My legs were still up on Lola's shoulders, and the blood was rushing to my head, making me see stars.

Meanwhile, cute little Kathy had revived and left the librarian's embrace. Suddenly, I heard Lola give a suffocated moan, without ever removing her mouth from my cock. I lifted my head to get a better view of what was happening.

Kathy had crawled up behind Lola and had started eating her cunt! I asked the librarian if she wanted me to eat her out, now that my mouth was free and she was unoccupied. She hurried over with a big smile, and the four of us got a love train going.

The librarian squatted down, facing me, and sank her pussy onto my mouth. I plunged my tongue into her wet slit, flicking faster than I thought was possible. I had the big toe of my right foot rubbing Kathy's furry little blond mound while she was eating Lola's pussy, and Kathy began rotating her pelvis in slow, pulsing thrusts. As for sultry Lola, she was still drawing out my cock to full measure with her hydraulic lips.

Before long, the librarian came on my face. She screamed and dug her fingernails into my shoulders. It was such a shock that I couldn't hold my sperm back any longer, and I ejaculated like a fountain into Lola's mouth. Kathy crawled forward between Lola's legs and licked up the overflow that trickled down my tingling shaft. Between Lola and Kathy, my dick was quickly licked clean, while I sucked in the librarian's warm, flowing juices.

Finally, I closed my eyes and collapsed onto the floor. It was an incredible experience—three lusty ladies and one lucky man, fucking and sucking in the basement of a college library! All of us were exhausted. The erotic-fiction section was certainly well named. When people say the library has a lot more to offer than just books, they're not kidding! 🍆

HONEY

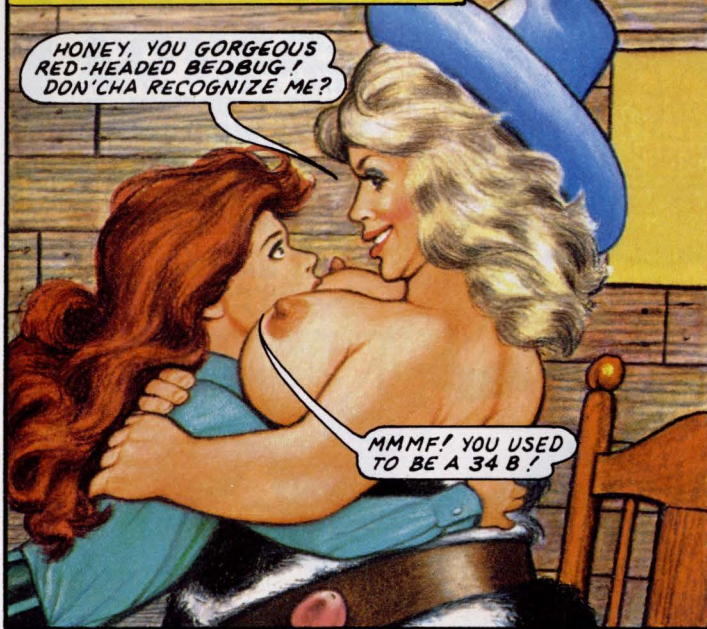
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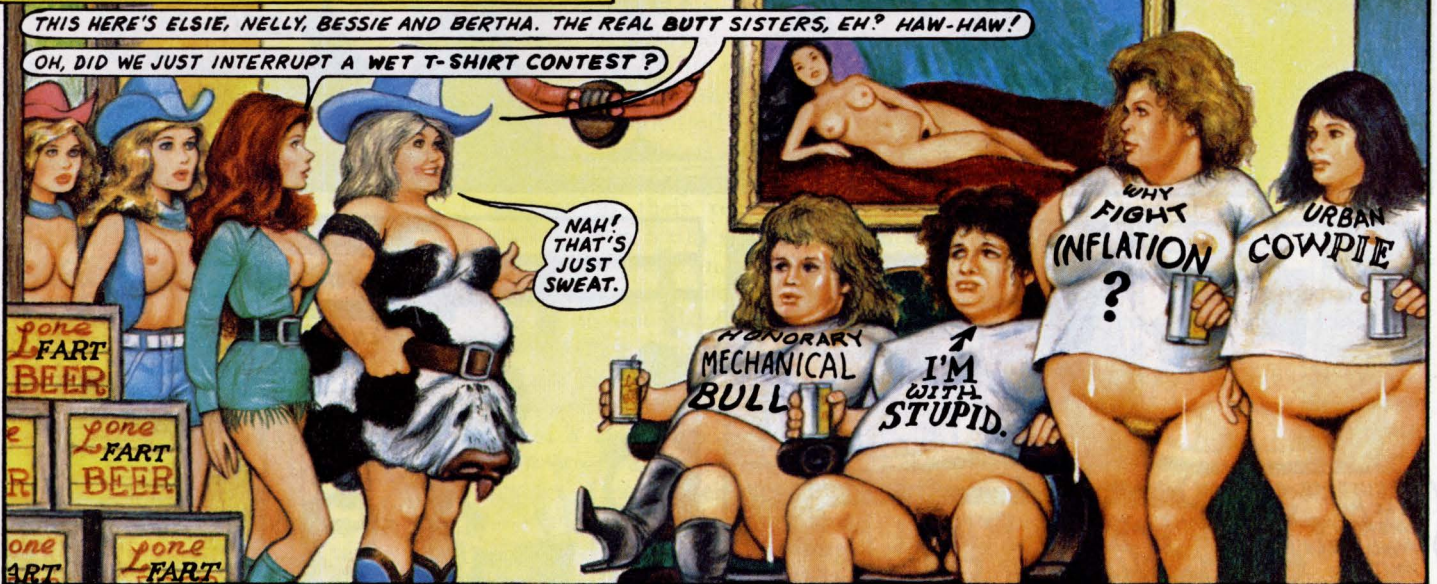
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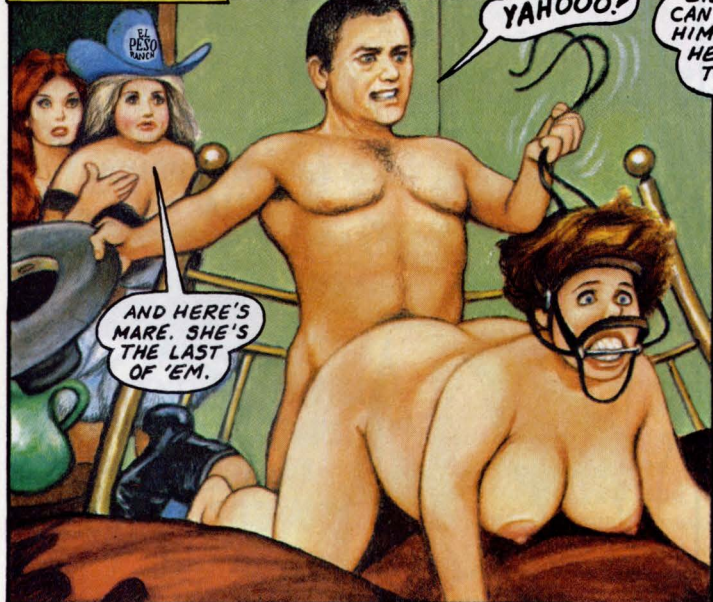
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I CALL ZIS RIDE "DER SHAKEDOWN"!

WILD HOLD ON TO YOUR GENITALS!



MEANWHILE, POON MIXES PAIN AND PLEASURE BY CONCENTRATING LESS ON THE BULL AND MORE ON THE HORN.

I AIN'T HAD THIS MUCH STEER SINCE MY LAST STEAK DINNER!

POONIE, WHICH IS SUPPOSED TO COME FIRST—ME OR A HERNIA?



TIME PASSES... AND SO DO THE POUNDS!

YOU GALS ARE PRETTY ENOUGH TO MAKE A CACTUS PRICK SHOOT ITS LOAD. I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



UNFORTUNATELY, THE CACTUS PRICKS ARE THE ONLY ONES AROUND.

TROUBLE IS, OUR REPUTATION'S SO BAD NOBODY'S GOING TO SEE HOW SEXY OUR GIRLS ARE NOW!

LAST CHANCE GAS - AT McDonald's



BUT HONEY HAS AN IDEA ON TAP!

LILLY, I KNOW A SPECIAL TYPE OF HEAD THAT'LL MAKE THE CUSTOMERS COME A-RUNNIN' FASTER THAN A BULL FULL OF SPANISH FLY!



HONEY'S "FREE BEER" INCENTIVE ENDS LILLY'S DRY SPELL!

HON, THE ONLY WAY I COULD MAKE MORE MONEY TONIGHT IS IF I HAD A CONCESSION OF PAY TOILETS!

FREE SIX-PACK OF Lone FART BEER WITH EVERY GIRL!

ALL IT TAKES IS SOME CATERING TO THE TEXAS WET DREAM, LIL!

THE END

This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in HUSTLER, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you to help us keep the marketplace clean, please write to HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054, and alert us to any problems you have. We also suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

FUNNY GIRL

Ever since I first ordered some adult material through the mail a few years ago, I've been getting fliers for other adult goods nearly every week. The other day I got a sheet advertising an 8mm porn movie supposedly starring Barbra Streisand when she was younger. Now, I know Sylvester Stallone started out by making porn, but I never heard of Streisand being in loops until I got this ad. The film is pretty expensive; so I thought I'd check with you. —S. F.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

We've seen a copy of this film, which has been floating around in the porno underground for years. The print we screened wasn't of the best quality. But the loop's appeal is that it supposedly stars the famous singer-actress before she made it big. The question, of course, is whether the girl really is Barbra Streisand.

Well, she definitely *looks* like a young Barbra. So for the purpose of fantasy, the film delivers. But we can't tell you it's her, because there's no way to be sure.

We can tell you that Streisand herself has publicly denied ever appearing in any porno loop. Besides saying the idea of her appearing in a sex film is "pre-

posterous," she went as far as to offer "proof" that the girl in this particular film isn't her. She says the girl is a lot chubbier than she was at that age. She also points out that during one sequence, when the camera zooms in on the star fingering a cock, her fingers are clearly short and stubby. Streisand contends her fingers are long and slender.

Streisand righteously warns prospective buyers of this fuck film not to waste their money. We'll leave it to you, but be sure you deal with a legitimate outlet.

DUMB DOPE

Not long ago a friend of mine told me that the best way to pick up women in bars and lure them back to my apartment is by offering them cocaine. Now, I'm not into drugs, but I do like to fuck newfound girls; so I decided to buy some of the white powder and try my luck. When I talked to my friend, though, he said it cost about \$120 for a gram, which is much too expensive for my limited budget. I was wondering if any of those legal highs, like "Toot," "Pseudo Caine" or "Pro Crystal," have the same effect. A lot of these things are advertised as incense, but they seem to look just like coke. What is this stuff? —B. R.

Fort Worth, Texas

To tell you the truth, these products aren't very good incense or dope. Most brands of bogus cocaine are mixtures of a mild stimulant, such as caffeine, and a numbing agent, like procaine, that mimics some of real coke's side effects. Those side effects would be a nasal "freeze," and a brief "up" feeling caused by the stimulant.

As with assorted sex pills and lotions, these items are essentially legal placebos—look-alike drugs that rely on the old principle of mind over matter. In the case of these pseudo-cocaine substances, there's good evidence that the placebo effect can work. As reported in a recent issue of *Scientific American*, substances much like cocaine can cause similar experiences, because "certain

kinds of drug-induced euphoria are generalized interpretations by the drug user."

In other words, since the fake cocaine produces effects close to those of the real high, your brain can trigger the same kind of psychological response, and you can feel almost the same kind of high.

Still, you should keep in mind that many of the pseudo-cocaines sold through the mail are not the best things in the world for your nasal tract. In fact, *High Times* magazine calls the fake cokes "snot detergents," because they usually leave you with a runny nose and irritated nostrils. We've never endorsed the use of potentially harmful drugs in the past, and we're certainly not going to endorse cheap imitations, either.

Your buddy may believe he needs bait to lure a woman home with him, but a healthy self-image and the power of positive thinking will work best for you in the long run.

VALENTINE LAY

I'd like some information about a mail-order company called Valentine Products, Inc., which specializes in sex accessories like vibrators, dildoes, butt-plugs and body creams. Is it reputable? What's its address, and how can I get one of its pamphlets?

—N. N. Sventley,
Knoxville, Tennessee

Valentine Products has long been a friend to HUSTLER's readers and maintains a high standing on our list of dependable dealers. The items it carries are durable and relatively inexpensive, sent without much delay in a plain package so as not to arouse suspicion from nosy postal inspectors. The company has recently moved, however, and if you're interested in getting in touch with it, you should make a note of the new address: 22 Commerce Road, P.O. Box 6200, Newtown, CT 06470. (203-426-0400). The company's "bedside companion" catalog of erotic aids costs \$2 by itself but comes free with any order. 🐾

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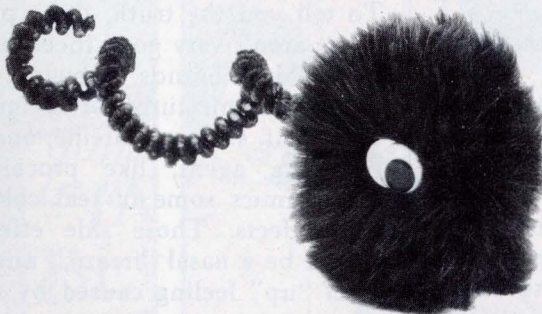
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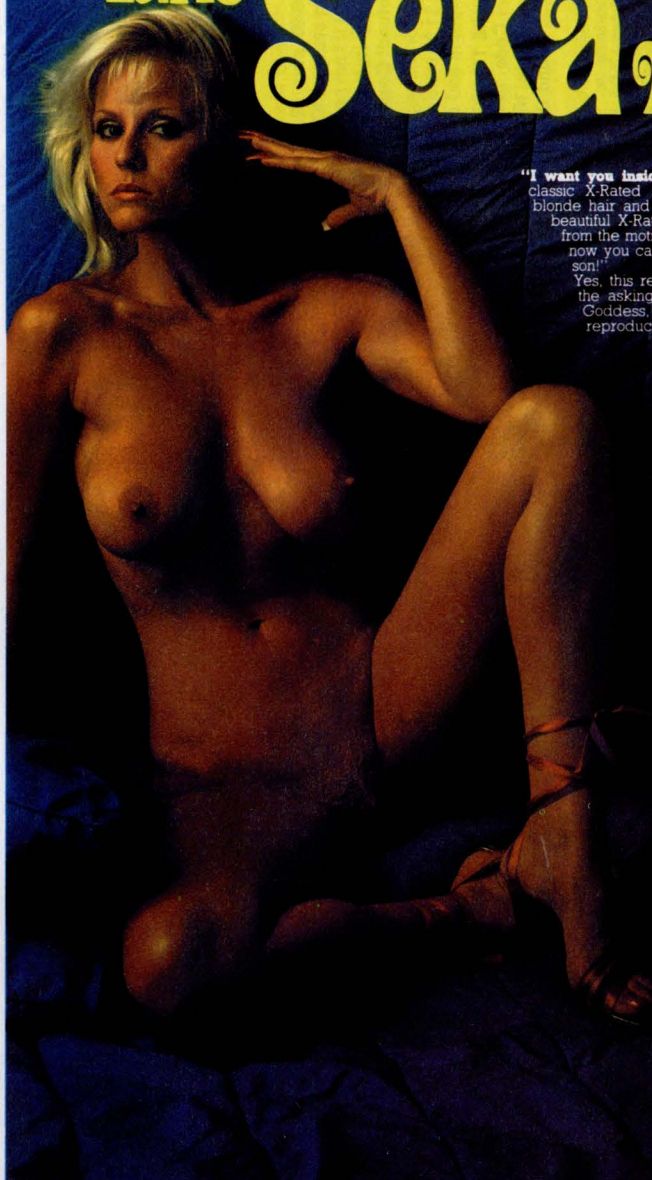
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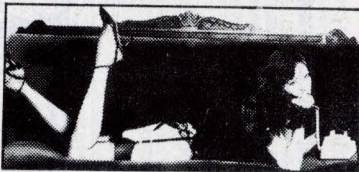
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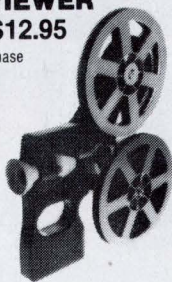
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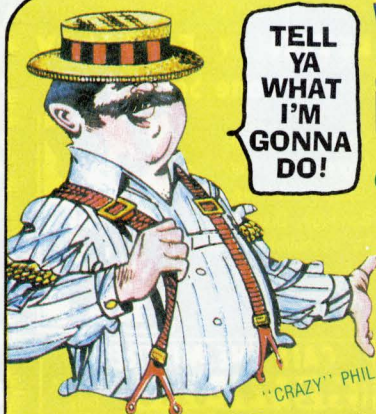
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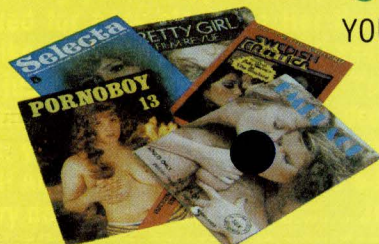
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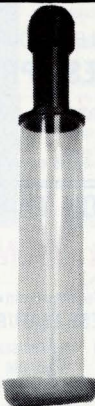
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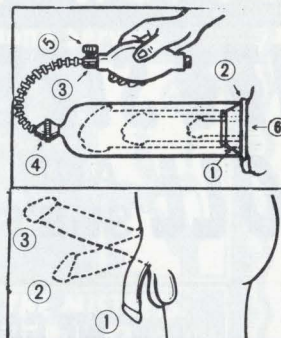
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THE KENNEDY AFFAIR

(continued from page 108)

through the splintered windshield and landed on the crushed hood; the driver was impaled on the steering column.

Realizing he'd fired his last round, Bolt tossed the gun aside. He climbed into the Volvo, and the engine roared to life.

Hostrand was quickly in his rearview mirror as the speedometer crept easily up to 160 kilometers. He was on his way—but he was by no means safe.

He had violated the sanctity of the "safe town" and had killed several of its "honored citizens." It was an act that could not go unavenged. He was a marked man. From this moment on, assassins from every government agency in the world would be after him.

What he had learned about the Kennedy assassination was useless, since he had no proof. The only hard evidence had been the Steiner film, and it no longer existed—just as *he* no longer existed. For all intents and purposes the Congressional investigator named Jeffrey Bolt had died in Hostrand.

By the time the Volvo zoomed past Hassleholm on the road to Malmo, Bolt had pretty much figured out his next few moves. First he would put his clothes and identification on the gunman's body still in the trunk. Then he'd torch the car. That would buy him a little time. When the authorities finally discovered who the charred victim was, Bolt would be aboard a freighter bound for Lebanon. Once in the Middle East he would hire on as a mercenary and lose himself in any country that required his services.

Deep down, Bolt knew his enemies would never cease looking for him. From here on, every person he met could be a potential assassin. It was Bolt against the world—and they had both the manpower and the firepower to destroy him.

But *he* had a kind of power they didn't: a sixth sense. He had once thought of his ESP as a gift. Now he saw it as a weapon—one that gave him a decided edge for survival.

Bolt knew he must master this strange new weapon, much as he had already mastered Tae Kwon Do. Just as he had disciplined his body through the study of martial arts, so too he must discipline his mind to use his ESP to the best advantage. And just like Tae Kwon Do, it would take long, arduous hours of practice before he was proficient in its use.

It will come, Bolt thought confidently, just as my enemies will come. And when they do, I know I'll be ready for them.

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ORGANIZED CRIME

(continued from page 60)

shake down Iowa Beef Processors. In 1968 the company had begun a revolutionary distribution system known as "boxed beef." Rather than ship the entire carcass, IBP would remove fat and bone at its plant, cut the meat into smaller portions, and ship it to stores in refrigerated corrugated boxes. Since IBP's future hinged on the success of boxed beef in the lucrative New York market, the packer naturally would have to do business with Moe Steinman.

Boxed beef, however, was not destined for immediate success. Supermarkets refused to buy, fearing union butchers—whose jobs were threatened by the emerging trend—might go out on strike. The situation grew tense. Butchers' unions struck IBP's home plant in Dakota, Nebraska, and the strike spread to other facilities.

IBP President Currier Holman had good cause to worry. His firm was clearly in trouble. One day, he received an unexpected phone call from a low-volume meat wholesaler named Benny Moscovitz, with whom he hadn't done business in nearly ten years. Moscovitz suggested that Holman meet with Moe Steinman. At the time, Steinman was

the head of labor relations for the huge Daitch Shopwell supermarket chain in the New York Metropolitan Area.

Holman agreed, but failed to realize that Steinman was his key to selling boxed beef in New York. When they got together, Steinman suggested he could help Holman with his labor problems, but Holman still didn't catch on. As the strike continued, IBP's losses approached \$9 million. The company's bankers grew nervous and threatened to call in all outstanding loans unless IBP came up with more cash.

"Holman was astonished," recalls a former New York prosecutor now in private practice. "Though IBP was the nation's largest beef packer, it was about to go broke because it couldn't sell its new product in New York."

By now, Holman had little choice. As much as he disliked dealing with Steinman, he called him up to do business. "We're going to pay Moe Steinman just as cheap as we can," Holman told an associate, "but if we can get boxed meat in the chains of New York City without any unusual commissions, we got to do it."

A deal was then struck that would significantly strengthen the Mob's hold on the meat industry. In return for labor peace, IBP agreed to pay Steinman a

brokerage fee of 25¢ per hundred pounds for all boxed beef sold within a 125-mile radius of Manhattan. Much of that money was used to bribe union leaders and supermarkets' meat buyers.

Almost immediately, Steinman raised his brokerage fee from 25¢ to 50¢ per hundred pounds. "I got to buy a union steward," Steinman told Holman.

To crack this sordid racket, investigators Nicholson, Montello and others watched Mob hangouts day and night. Mobsters and meat-industry officials are creatures of habit, and after a few months of surveillance it became obvious the Black Angus restaurant was one of their favorite meeting places.

Located just a few blocks from the stately Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in midtown Manhattan, the now-defunct eatery understandably was one of New York's premier steak houses. The beef, chops and salads were superb. Bartenders poured large, honest drinks, and the service was first-rate—clear indications of the proprietor's respect for his most powerful customers. During the dinner hour the restaurant often looked as if it were the central headquarters for the New York Mafia.

Robert Nicholson once stood inside near the long oak bar and watched a somewhat-inebriated Steinman jab a short, thick finger at John "Johnny Dio" Dioguardi, who before his death was the top labor racketeer in the Lucchese Mafia family.

"You listen here, Johnny," Steinman said. "You don't tell me how to run my business. I tell you."

The fact that a hood like Johnny Dio tolerated such uppity behavior proved how valuable Steinman was to the Mob's master plan to control the marketplace.

Lawmen finally amassed enough evidence to prosecute key members of Iowa Beef Processors. Informed they might have to face jail alone if convicted, they implicated Moe Steinman.

While adamantly denying any Mob associations, Steinman agreed to aid the investigation by wearing a concealed tape recorder in the Black Angus restaurant. Unfortunately, federal authorities working jointly with Nicholson's superiors objected, feeling that wiring Steinman would complicate an already-long probe. Instead, Steinman was given considerable immunity in return for his testimony. Even so, he still withheld substantial information about his underworld connections.

Currier Holman, the country's biggest beef tycoon, and his company were eventually convicted of conspiracy to bribe labor-union officials and super-market buyers. But the shrewd Steinman, who had engineered the Iowa Beef

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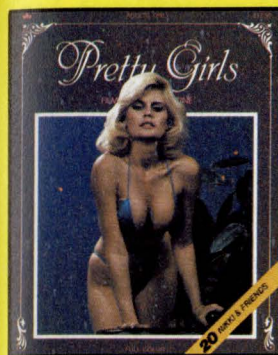
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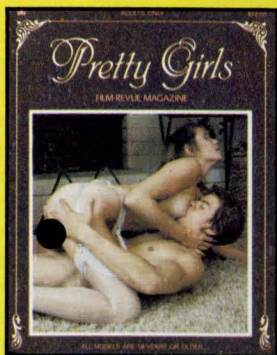
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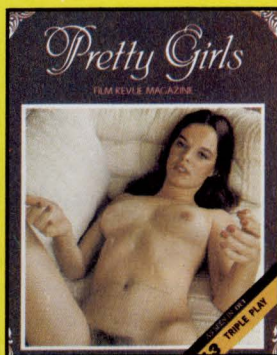
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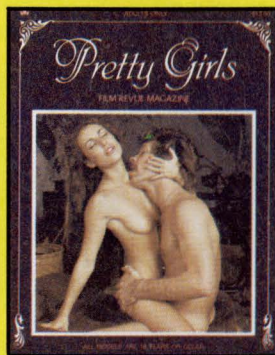
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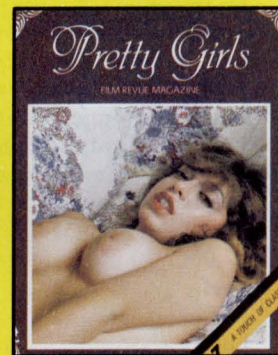
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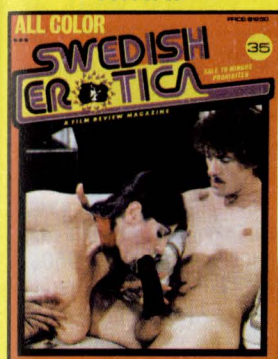
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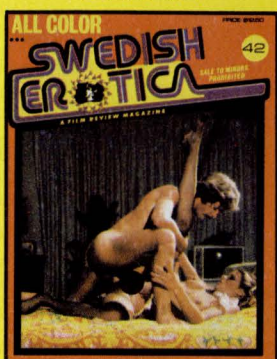
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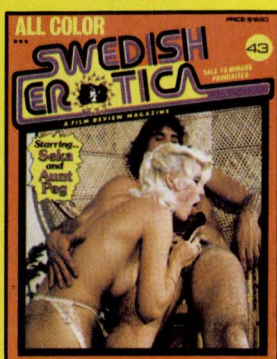
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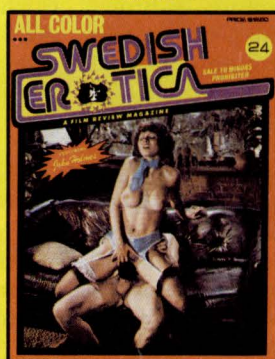
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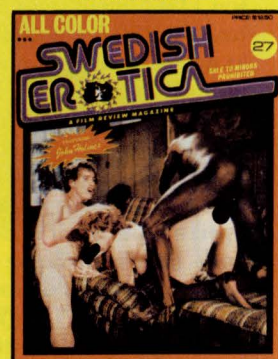
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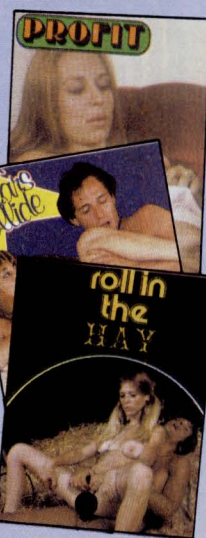
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shakedown, made it impossible to connect money from IBP with bribes and payoffs. He was charged only with conspiracy to bribe union officials, to which he pleaded guilty. He was also able to strike a deal by which he would receive no more than a year in jail in return for his testimony against 14 supermarket officials and three union leaders. Incredibly, most of those convicted received suspended sentences, probation and fines. The longest stretch was four years.

Holman got off with an unconditional discharge. And IBP, a \$1-billion-a-year corporation steadily increasing its industry dominance, was fined a mere \$7,000. So much for getting tough with beef crooks.

The meat probers fared better with another swindler, gray-haired Anthony "Tino" DeAngelis. A railroad worker's son, DeAngelis was born in a Bronx tenement and entered the pork business at age 20, four years after dropping out of high school. At 23 he owned his own meat company, but in the mid-1950s a corporation he headed went bankrupt.

Despite the failure, DeAngelis opened up other pork shops and quickly developed a reputation as dean of the nation's pork butchers. Some lawmen believed his success was due to an alleged association with the New York Mafia family run by Joseph Bonanno.

"Going back to the early '60s, Tino sold pork to all the supermarkets in and around New York City and virtually controlled the pork market," recalls investigator Nicholson. "He was able to do this because the supermarkets were told by organized crime to deal with Tino DeAngelis."

But greater profits lay elsewhere. He later left his hog-butcher operation for what seemed to be a bid to corner the world vegetable-oil market. In its heyday Tino's Allied Crude Vegetable Oil Refining Corporation supplied about 75% of America's soybean oil and cottonseed oil for export.

By 1963, however, DeAngelis had pulled a string of deviously tricky deals long enough to hang himself. In what was called the "Great Salad Oil Swindle," one of the biggest frauds in American history, he bought oil on credit, paying 5% down. Then he used warehouse receipts for that oil to obtain loans to buy more oil. Expanding his empire even further, he issued nearly \$100 million in phony warehouse receipts as collateral for more credit.

DeAngelis' purchases became so enormous that no one thought to check the huge storage tanks in New Jersey where he claimed the oil was stored. When the tanks were finally inspected, they were found to be almost empty.

DeAngelis had bilked dozens of legitimate bankers, brokers and businesses of more than \$150 million.

The rotund, heavy-cheeked DeAngelis eventually pleaded guilty to fraud and conspiracy. He served seven years of a 20-year term in federal prison, apparently without learning his lesson. For when he was paroled, Tino began another scam—known to police as the "Little Pig Swindle"—selling nearly \$7 million worth of porkers he didn't own. This time he was charged with three counts of mail fraud and one count of racketeering. Although he's currently serving a new eight-year prison term, investigators believe his family is actively running his meat business until he's released.

DeAngelis has also been implicated in what angry creditors called the "Ham Scam." This caper allegedly involved the acquisition of \$990,000 worth of fresh hams that never were paid for. The Ham Scam is currently under investigation by the federal Organized Crime Strike Force in New York City and Newark, New Jersey.

Of all the dozens of industry scandals prosecuted over the years, none ever achieved the notoriety of New York City's Merkel meat fraud of the 1960s. The scam involved selling meat from diseased animals, some of it so tainted it had to be treated with formaldehyde (the toxic chemical undertakers use to preserve corpses).

Just how many people got sick or had heart attacks after eating Merkel's putrid meat is conjecture. Clearly, Merkel owner Norman Lokietz wasn't worried about anybody's health. The only thing that mattered to him was where he got his meat and for how low a price.

Much of Merkel's meat came from a brokerage company operated by Charles "Charlie Callahan" Anselmo, a convicted loanshark. By buying low-grade meat adulterated with chemicals and additives—the trade calls it "mystery meat"—Merkel was able to successfully bid for several catering contracts.

"Merkel was able to buy meat for 10¢ a pound where competitors were paying 40¢," says investigator Robert Nicholson. "And they used that 30¢ edge to walk off with the market."

In the one year Merkel conducted business the company supplied lunches for the entire New York City public-school system, city hospitals, correctional facilities, the Army and Navy, parochial schools and private hospitals. Some of the meat was substandard horsemeat, undoubtedly contributing to institutional food's already-unsavory reputation.

Merkel's big price advantage enabled it to pay off buyers, union officials and

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health inspectors. The competitive edge seemed unbeatable until Lokietz began suspecting the police were on to his dirty-meat business. Then came a phone call that is legendary among lawmen familiar with the case. Lokietz had rung up his supplier, Charlie Anselmo.

"Is your wire clear? Not tapped?" Lokietz asked nervously. Obviously, he had no idea his own conversations were being legally bugged by the police. "This meat in Jersey, you know why they're looking for it? We just got the report. On the q.t. Is this horsemeat?"

Anselmo's answer was vague. He wouldn't say whether the meat in New Jersey was horsemeat. The frustrated Lokietz finally put the question so bluntly that Anselmo had to respond.

"Does it moo?"

"Well," Anselmo replied, "some of it moos, and some of it don't moo."

Anselmo told Lokietz not to worry. In fact, even a corrupt meat inspector had told Lokietz the same thing. But federal investigators were stalking Anselmo; if they found dirty meat at Merkel, the ensuing negative publicity would cause the business to go under.

Lokietz was anxious to unload his last shipment of mystery meat, but an associate attempted to relieve his fears. "It's not a calamity, but I wouldn't bring any more of it in," the associate told him.

"That's exactly it—we'll finish up," replied Lokietz, meaning Merkel would use only what inferior meat remained.

Lokietz thought he could avoid prosecution by bribing New York City's markets commissioner, a brazen move that backfired and ultimately sealed his fate. Soon thereafter, lawmen raided the Merkel plant and seized 40,000 pounds of inferior beef, horsemeat and other inedible meat that had been labeled with counterfeit inspection stamps. At the time of the crackdown, investigators uncovered evidence that the same scam was going on in Boston, Cleveland and Pittsburgh.

"The people from whom Merkel bought this stuff are in a Mob-operated enterprise," said Markets Commissioner Albert Pacetta. "Obviously there is a bootleg meat-fabrication plant where they bone, chop and package this meat. The ring has facilities for transporting and storing its product. It has to be on a national scale."

Although there has been nothing since to rival the great Merkel scandal, law-enforcement officials believe the Mob still operates in this fashion. It is simply too easy to bribe Department of Agriculture inspectors to pass inferior ballpark hot dogs, deli meats and sausages—meat that is spiced with corruption.

The USDA, however, is not completely rotten with inspectors on the take. In fact, one of its employees once actively fought widespread wrongdoing. John Coplin took over as supervisor of Chicago meat grading in 1958. But when he detected rampant corruption, his superiors told him to ignore it.

Coplin stubbornly refused, risking the wrath of his colleagues and organized crime. He became the department's loudest and best-known whistle-blower, prompting the ouster of more than 70% of Chicago's federal meat graders during the 1960s and more than half of Los Angeles' meat graders in the 1970s.

More than once the crusade almost cost Coplin his life. One evening he was driving home with his chief assistant when a meat truck forced his car into a concrete abutment. Coplin and his aide both suffered broken bones.

Despite the blatant warning that the Mob was serious, Coplin never backed down. Neither did the Mob. Several times he found his car tires slashed and the windshield broken. He received numerous threatening phone calls, but still he persisted.


In 1978 Coplin discovered a large Chicago-area supermarket chain was selling inferior cuts of beef as prime—the top and most expensive grade. Two weeks later, after the FBI verified violations in 63 of the chain's 69 stores, his motor home was sabotaged.

Coplin was denied promotion for 26 years, a record for his department. To make matters worse, Department of Agriculture officials tried to transfer him into a do-nothing job. Two years ago Coplin finally grew weary of fighting the system and retired.

The USDA now admits that its ability to root out bribery and graft is severely limited. "We'll never be able to tell exactly how much corruption is taking place," complains one pessimistic agency official. "There just aren't enough investigators to go around."

As long as a shortage of vigilant crimefighters continues, consumers will pay higher prices for lower-quality meat infested with all kinds of unhealthy ingredients while organized crime's grip on the meat industry tightens.

"If the trends are not arrested, consumers can expect continued monopoly-induced beef-price increases," warns Congressman Neal Smith (D-Iowa), whose subcommittee led a three-year investigation of anticompetitive practices in the industry.

The grim reality is that when Americans sit down to dinner, the meat—whether it mooed or oinked—is not only federally inspected but also Mob approved. 

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PROFILE: MERLE HAGGARD

(continued from page 54)

Bonnie explained. "The rest of the time there may have been about 15 others who were ahead of me."

One of those was an attractive singer (coincidentally, with the same first name as his first wife), Leona Williams, who became the third Mrs. Merle Haggard in a 1978 ceremony. To prove there were no hard feelings, Bonnie served as bridesmaid. Leona and Haggard had started dating before his legal separation from Bonnie.

"We had lots of arguments," Leona remembers. "He'd go back to Bonnie and then come back to me. I tried to get away from him, but when you really love somebody, you can't."

As Haggard approached his 40th birthday, however, an overload of career pressures and personal problems seemed to come to a head. He became painfully conscious of the deepening lines in his face and the gray in his hair.

"That period could be described as my male menopause," Haggard explains. "From about age 38 to 42 I was highly confused and depressed. I got to where I didn't have any desire. I couldn't make any plans from one day to the next. I was so screwed up, I couldn't

trust my own judgment. Finally, I thought, *I'm sick of all this! I might as well retire and live off my song royalties.*"

For six months Haggard retreated to his secluded Spanish-modern home not far from Redding, California, and the isolation of his houseboat on nearby Lake Shasta. But even amid this natural serenity, his problems didn't diminish.

"I discovered that whether or not you're being paid to perform, you still have all the same aggravations," Haggard says. "People still recognized me and imposed on my privacy. There ended up being about 50 people on my boat every day. I found out that I *couldn't* escape. So I knocked on the door of my personal prison—the music business—and asked to be let back in."

The self-imposed exile seemed to rejuvenate Haggard. His subsequent performances demonstrated a fresh musical vitality that not only pleased longtime Haggard fans but won a host of new admirers. A year later he celebrated his third decade in the business by signing a multimillion-dollar contract with Columbia Records. The record deal and lucrative one-night tour bookings would again make him a wealthy man.

Deep in the endless, windswept ex-

panses of Texas prairies and cotton fields, Haggard's tour bus braked to a stop in a seemingly desolate crossroads community. But as soon as he and his musicians set foot in a fly-specked diner to grab a late breakfast, their songs were blaring out of the jukebox, and dozens of curious country-music fans had descended upon them.

With weary resignation, Haggard shook hands, signed autographs and made small talk with fawning waitresses, while his untouched order of eggs and hash browns grew cold. Even his well-practiced politeness could not hide his uneasiness at being made the unwilling center of attention.

"Merle's often told me he would have been happier if he'd just been a guitar player in somebody else's band, instead of a star," said Leona Williams, climbing back on the bus. She returned a moment later with the three aspirin Haggard had requested for a mild tension headache, and a can of Sprite to wash them down.

Haggard's third marriage, like his first two, has been plagued by substantial discord. Only a few months after their wedding the Haggards separated and threatened to file for divorce. They reconciled several months later. But, by early 1981, they had split up again.

This time, Haggard had actually started divorce proceedings when a newspaper reported that famed attorney Melvin Belli was about to file a countersuit in Leona's behalf.

"[The suit] will charge that Ms. Williams was repeatedly battered and beaten by her husband," Belli was quoted as saying. "Leona has just gotten out of the hospital, where she spent a week as a result of the beating by Haggard. That's going to be part of the suit, and so will the fact that Haggard did such things to her while he was under the influence of alcohol or drugs."

These remarks, which were later heatedly denied by both Belli and Leona, sent Haggard into a rage. Furthermore, the adverse publicity they generated cost him dearly, alienating many of his fans and causing several personal-appearance bookings to be canceled. Recalling the newspaper report a year later, Haggard still seethed with anger.

"I was totally pissed off at the media," he said. "There wasn't a damn bit of truth to anything they printed. There's enough trash and bullshit in my life without people adding a bunch of false and unnecessary crap like that. When all this shit hit the papers, each of us began getting anonymous phone calls sayin' derogatory things about the other one."

"We were separated at the time, and Leona was livin' in Nashville. One phone caller told her I was in Nashville

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Mr. Stud: Actually, no, Annie. I know a lot of people are going to be surprised by this, but before I got into films, I was terribly insecure about myself. I was awkward and worried about all sorts of things. Mostly, I just scared myself into feelings of rejection.

Annie: What did you do? How did you overcome it?

Mr. Stud: I was very lucky. I met a warm loving woman who wasn't afraid to go to bed with me—in spite of my size. I know it sounds ridiculous, but being too big has its own handicaps. I used to think I'd hurt a woman, and it made me gun-shy, so to speak. But I can really understand a guy who feels he's too small to please a woman.

Annie: I think I know what you mean. I really do. I know I prefer a man who's got a good technique in bed. That counts for a lot. But if I had to choose between two men who were both terrific lovers, I have to admit I'd go for the one with a bigger penis first. It's just a natural female preference.

Mr. Stud: I've heard it both ways, Annie. That size doesn't mean as much as technique, and that size is the only thing that matters. Does bigger really mean better?

Annie: Speaking for myself, definitely yes! I enjoy looking at a big penis, fondling it and holding it. And when I'm making love, the feeling of really being filled completely is what gets me off every time!

Mr. Stud: That's great, Annie, if you're with a guy who's well hung like—well, like me. Or even with a lover who's amply endowed. But what about the guy who's undersized and who may feel somewhat inadequate? He needs some loving, too.

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too, that I was drunk in a bar, that I'd found out where she was and that I was gonna kill her. Naturally, it threw her into hysterics."

Haggard glanced toward the back of the bus, where Leona was quietly reading. "I wasn't in *Nashville*," he added with disgust. "I was in *Louisiana*, gettin' ready to do a show. Everything was gettin' way out of hand."

Eventually, Haggard and Leona withdrew their respective divorce suits and settled their differences. "We've been together, off and on, for seven years now," Haggard said in more-subdued tones. "We both have very strong personalities, and due to the nature of our business—singing with one another—we're often together 24 hours a day. Sure, we've had our share of clashes. But over the last year or so the two of us have finally grown up."

Around 9 p.m. that evening, Haggard's tour bus came to a halt just outside Lubbock's modernistic Civic Auditorium. Inside, a rowdy audience of several thousand waited expectantly.

As the lights went down and Haggard launched into "Mama Tried," "The Fugitive" and "Workin' Man's Blues," many of these fans surged toward the stage. Whatever their ages or backgrounds, they could hear the clear ring of truth in his songs of pain, loneliness, strength and ultimate survival. From the mournful way Haggard wrapped his voice around the high notes, and from the quiet, unassuming sense of honesty in his face, they could tell he really had been down the same wrong roads they'd traveled—and then some.

Along with Haggard's stirring performance, the razor-edged excitement of The Strangers' twin fiddles and electric lead guitar eventually pulled the audience out of its seats. They stood on chairs, cheering and waving cowboy hats wildly above their heads. In response, Haggard's usually somber face brightened.

After the show, he and Leona rushed off the stage with the thunder of the standing ovation still ringing in their ears. The demands of being on the road had been replaced, at least for a while, by a rare feeling of exhilaration.

As Haggard climbed back on the bus, a noisy crowd of gawking and screaming admirers was already beginning to gather outside. But instead of cringing like a prisoner in the shadows as he did in Brownwood, Haggard cracked a broad smile and joyfully clapped one of his musicians on the back.

"Sometimes we do get out of prison," he beamed. "Every once in a while we do get paroled!"

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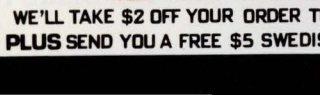
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NEXT MONTH

August issue on sale June 24, 1982



LULU

EL SALVADOR: ONE YEAR LATER—Thirteen months ago HUSTLER warned that El Salvador's bloody civil war could become another Vietnam. Since that time, 20,000 more people have been senselessly killed and countless others are presumed dead—including HUSTLER reporter John Sullivan, who vanished mysteriously on December 28, 1980. Articles Editor Richard Warren Lewis reveals the brutal

torture committed against Salvadoran citizens and explains how that strategic nation's struggle affects us here in the United States.

BOUNTY HUNTERS—When ruthless criminals jump bail, they can't flee far with hard-bitten bounty hunters hard on their heels. These men and women make a living by outwitting desperate murderers, rapists and fugitives. And though they are providing a service, some professional trackers have a very sleazy reputation. Investigative reporter Bruce Henderson gets hot on the trail of these relentless stalkers who risk all to bring their bounty back alive.

A DEADLY EXCHANGE—In London, a bullet rips through the brain of a sex-hungry whore. In New York, a taxicab runs down a devout, soft-spoken nun. These deaths are seemingly unrelated, but modern science has destined to bring the two together. Thrill to a terrifying new dimension in the timeless struggle between mind and body in J. Bradford Olesker's thought-provoking fiction.

GETTING HEAD—Most men say they can never get enough fellatio, and they're always looking to better their pleasure. If that complaint sounds familiar, you should try eavesdropping on four lady panelists who explain to HUSTLER some very special techniques that will fully enable you and your wife or girlfriend to enjoy the best oral love ever. Find the satisfaction you've been missing in next month's exciting SEX PLAY.

PHOTO-FEATURES—No erotic fantasy is ever too big for next month's center-fold LULU: PLEASINGLY PLUMP. You'll look in on Florence Nightingale's soothing BEDSIDE MANNERS and enjoy some SKIN DIVING with a wet and horny twosome. To really top things off, VIOLET will share with you some of her PURPLE PASSION.

PLUS—ADVISE & CONSENT will make you a wiser lover; BITS & PIECES and HUSTLER HUMOR will tickle your funny bone; and BEAVER HUNT will help you meet your fantasies with a bevy of splendid beauties!



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John Wayne

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*Printers' Ink, 1964

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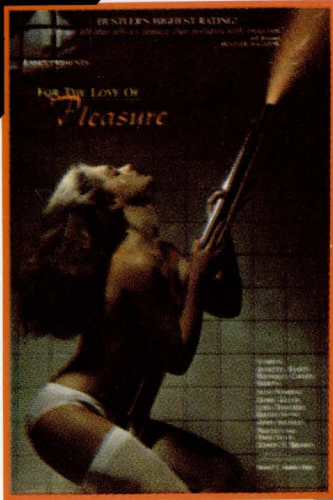
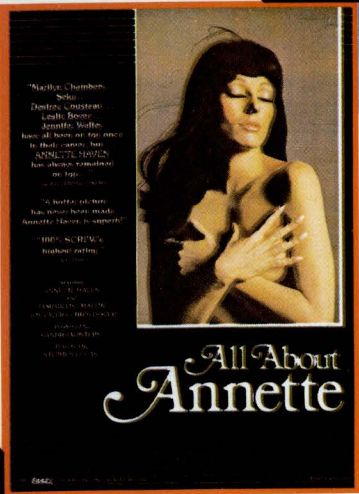
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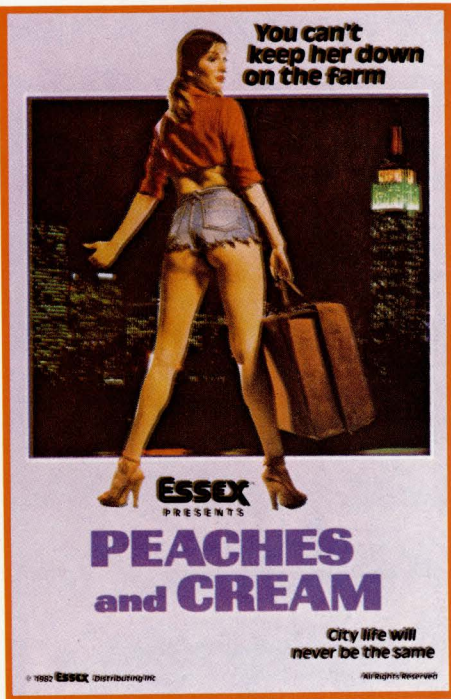
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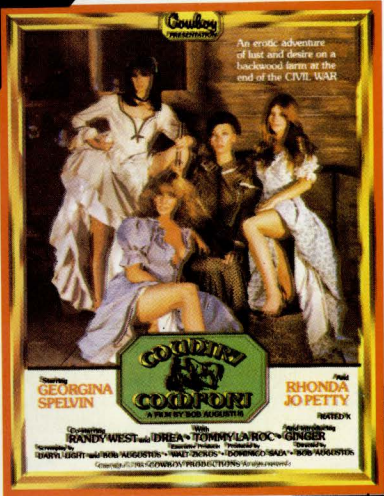


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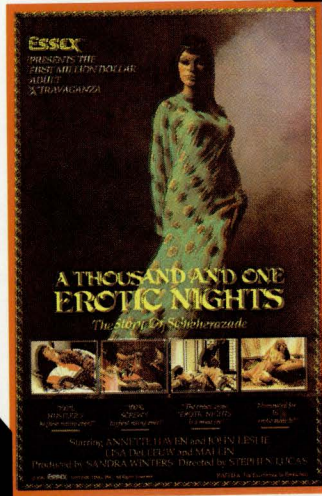
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